THE LIVING AGE

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for May 15, 1930

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THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May, 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, in 1844, Mr. Littell said: 'The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world: *so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries.*'

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THE GUIDE POST

THOSE who find it exciting to go behind the scenes in international conferences, whether in London or Geneva, are presented in this issue with a convenient key to the motives of the nations concerned, in JANUS AT GENEVA. Like most intellectual conveniences, this one is likely to snap back and sting your nose; but at least it is fun to shoot off. The inventor, SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA, who has served his term in the League Secretariat and now teaches Spanish literature at Oxford, is sometimes persuaded to write for the ordinary American periodical; he is much more at home, however, when, as in this article, his intention is to address a European public.

MUCH more eloquent than tables of figures, but far more difficult to obtain, is the sort of human document which clothes figures in flesh and bones. OUT OF WORK, which a jobless German has written for the *Berliner Tageblatt*, reads like a Russian short story, but it makes amply clear the fact that unemployment in Germany as well as anywhere else in the world is something more than six digits in a headline in the press.

WHEN one is examining the real, rock-bottom basis upon which international peace may be built, it makes relatively little difference what the Swedes intend, or what the French; it is England and England's attitude toward the rest of the world, especially toward America, which really counts. Any number of Americans can tell us this, and even tell us why, without being nearly so convincing as the Europeans—English among them—who are struggling with the problems of peace in less glorious isolation. For this reason we feel that the symposium which we present under the general title, ENGLAND ON FOUR FRONTS, is particularly illuminating. Here, in CAN AMERICA RESCUE ENGLAND?, is the ideal interpreter of Anglo-American relations—a critical-minded Frenchman, unprejudiced by either Anglo-Saxon nation's dream of economic empire, who has lived both in England and America; next, in ENGLAND AND THE LEAGUE, NORMAN ANGELL, with the uncomfortable logicality of a Britisher writing to his newspaper, points out the one all-important international issue which his countrymen stolidly insist upon avoiding; an editorial comment on the Palestine Report, not intended for publication in America, then permits a glimpse at the Englishman, perspiring and a little worried, struggling with his immediate problems of empire; finally, a graceful sketch from Budapest, JOHN BULL GOES WALKING, indicates the pertinacity of the useful Central European notion that so long as Englishmen are English, and the English landscape green, then Britons never need be slaves.

WHEN a man has expended prodigies of sincere effort over a period of ten years, and wakes up at the end of that time to find that the work he has done has got him nowhere, he is likely, through no particular fault of his own, to prove a rather unpleasant dinner guest. This is one way of looking at Germany's present situation, though the waking-up process is just beginning; for in the eyes of many Germans, Germany has worked herself to the bone, and set up a warranted strictly first-class American system of production and domestic distribution, only to find that the luscious fruits of the American system are denied her because she is cut off by tariff barriers from other markets than her own. An anonymous German, in GERMANY AT BAY, quite unconsciously gives some idea of what kind of international dinner guest Germany may prove if the sense of frustration he exhibits becomes widespread.

SO LONG as American painters continue to rush off to Europe to find the sympathetic atmosphere they feel they need, Americans will have to go to European sources to find out about their own artists, which is not always easy. No greater name ever appeared in the annals of American expatriatism than that of JAMES MCNEILL WHISTLER, and in this issue JOSEF ENGELHART gives some fresh reminiscences of contacts with the American painter in Paris and Vienna.

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THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell

In 1844

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The World Over

ONE VIRTUE AT LEAST the Naval Conference possessed—it seemed to satisfy everybody. The champions of Anglo-American friendship saw their fondest dreams being realized. The delight of the American delegates—if we are to judge from their public utterances—knew no bounds. In England, the Tories, who had made up their minds in advance to be disappointed, have had a grand time railing at Mr. MacDonald and in the same breath have been able secretly to congratulate themselves on the 'escape clause' that frees Britain from any obligation to keep her fighting fleet within certain defined limits. Liberals and the more moderate Conservatives express their approval with a vagueness quite in keeping with the vagueness of the treaty itself. The French blame the Italians for the failure of the Five-Power Pact and the Italians return the compliment. Meanwhile the Japanese, while less insistent in their enthusiasm, have perhaps more solid grounds for satisfaction than any of the other interested parties.

So many paralyzing paragraphs have already been devoted to this subject that we hesitate to add even one more. In respect to practical results, however, there can be no doubt that the conference represented a considerable success. On the other hand, few real sacrifices have been made and no new political obligations have been undertaken. Even the chauvinistic *Morning Post* admits that Britain has suffered 'no loss in relative strength or in national security,' for the battleship holiday would have come about of its own accord and the few ships that will be

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scrapped have outlived their usefulness. At one point only did a vital issue attract widespread concern and that was when Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Henderson began what the *Daily Telegraph* described as 'their dangerous dalliance with the notion of purchasing a reduction of France's programme with new British commitments in the Mediterranean.'

The London *Times* gives this fair-minded summary of the practical results achieved:—

> The supreme fact is that it has been found possible for the three greatest naval powers in the world to come to an agreement, acceptable to all three of them, as to the number and the type of warships of all kinds they will build during the next five years. And the programmes upon which they have agreed are very much smaller than anything which was contemplated at Washington, or even at Geneva three years ago. They have thus, as between themselves, extended and completed the work of the Washington Conference and abolished competition in naval armaments.

On the whole, the conference did all that it could hope to do outside the political field and nothing whatever in it.

EVEN THE BRIEFEST EXAMINATION of Mr. Snowden's budget makes one wonder what all the shouting was about. Three-quarters of the income-taxpayers—and the entire group forms less than five per cent of the country's total population—do not suffer any new burden; indeed, the group that earns between $2,000 and $3,000 a year is actually assessed less than it was in 1929. The death duties, amounting to 50 per cent instead of 40 per cent on fortunes of $10,000,000 and over, have not been increased more than 2 per cent on any estate amounting to $1,000,000 or less, the present rate on a $1,000,000 fortune being 25 per cent. Only people who enjoy annual incomes of at least $10,000 are being called upon to pay a greater surtax than they did last year, and in 1929 this group included exactly 95,592 British citizens—one-fifth of one per cent of the total population of Great Britain and Northern Ireland.

None the less an almost universal cry of protest greeted Mr. Snowden. 'To increase unemployment by increasing the dole,' comments the reactionary *Morning Post*, 'to pay for the dole by a draft upon wealth—such in a sentence is the explanation of his policy.' How different things used to be. 'The old theory of taxation was exactly the opposite—that it should be spread as far as possible over the whole population, so that each should pay according to his means, and that as all had to share in finding the money all would share in the responsibility of spending it.'

The *Times* discusses Mr. Snowden's policies in greater detail:—

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> The fallacy which lies at the root of policies of this type is really the old error of Socialism that the poor can be made richer by making the rich poorer. If this proposition were true, then it would certainly make the position of any Chancellor of the Exchequer a great deal easier than it is. But unfortunately wealth is like heat. It is only when it is unequally distributed that it can be made to perform what the physicists have called work. The great principle of the conservation of energy holds good no less strictly in the economic than in the physical world. And the political effects are no less serious than the economic. The divorce of taxation from representation, which has increased so rapidly during these post-War years, is already one of the most disquieting factors in our political life. The steady growth of direct at the expense of indirect taxation, and the exemption of larger and larger classes from both, must inevitably sap the sense of responsibility of the electorate, since it leaves the great majority of voters free to exploit to their hearts' content the resources of a selected few. There is literally no safeguard against panic measures unless the whole body of citizens, each according to his means, has some personal interest in counting the cost.

Only the *Daily Herald* came to the Chancellor's defense:—

> Mr. Snowden had to answer a simple question. New money is needed. From where is it to come? He gave it a simple answer. The new money must come from those who can spare it, from the rich, from those who have most of the good things of life. None of it must come from those, the great body of the people, who are already struggling against poverty and want.
>
> And to that end Mr. Snowden has turned to those who have a surplus over their needs, has increased the income tax on the higher range of incomes, and regraduated the surtax on a higher scale. And he has shown his determination that those who should pay shall pay by making furtive evasions of taxation more difficult than ever. Who will say that he has worked unjustly?

Although the Labor Party stands committed to free trade the M'Kenna duties on motor cars, clocks, musical instruments, and cinema films will stand indefinitely, as will the silk duties. A few minor tariffs on lace, embroidery, leather and fabric gloves, gas mantles, and cutlery which expire during 1930 will not be renewed. Winston Churchill's tax on betting, a dismal disappointment, is rescinded.

WHETHER TO REGARD GANDHI as a comic or a spiritual figure seems to have been the first concern of the British press in its comments on India. Conservative opinion, usually inclined to treat the Swarajist movement with contempt, grew so fearful of weakness on the part of the Labor Government that it has been depicting the Mahatma as a dangerously powerful leader. The Laborites, on the other hand, have had to modify some of the generous sentiments they used to express when they were in the opposition, for the responsibility of maintaining peace and prosperity in India is now theirs. The *New Statesman*, for instance, applauds Lord Irwin's tactics and asserts that 'the Mahatma instead of being a martyr has become slightly ridiculous and the

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inevitable effect of that has been to weaken his campaign.' The Conservative *Week-End Review*, on the other hand, expresses alarm:—

> We cannot agree with those who dwell almost exclusively on what is, or seems to them, comic in the proceedings of Mr. Gandhi. The question ultimately is not how his actions strike Fleet Street, but how they are striking the masses of India, and that last question cannot at present be answered with any confidence except by persons totally ignorant of the country. His movement may fail; so far its perceptible results have not been great. But symbols matter more in the East than in the West. The illicit manufacture of salt may be on a very small scale, the salt so produced may be inedible, the inability of Mr. Gandhi to achieve martyrdom may have comedy in Western eyes; the East is seeing all that differently. How far, and in what way, the masses of India will respond to his symbolical defiance of the Government remains to be seen. All that can be said is that Mr. Gandhi has not ceased to matter.

The publication of the Simon Report, which will bring the situation to a head one way or another, is now slated for early June.

RELATIONS BETWEEN FRANCE AND ITALY are at present the dominating European problem. They prevented the conclusion of a binding five-power naval treaty and they will continue to command the attention of British as well as Continental statesmen. To maintain her position as the first power in Europe and to safeguard the second largest colonial empire in the world France demands not only a large navy but she also refuses to recognize even in theory Italy's right to a parity that that country will never actually be able to achieve. For these considerations of prestige carry real weight. In Italy, where Mussolini relies so much on oratorical effects, appearances must be kept up at all costs. But the Fascisti must do more than convince the Italian populace that they are no less aggressive than their Socialist predecessors, who won battleship parity with France at Washington; the important question of dominance in the Balkans is also at stake. Just as France needs the trappings of prestige to keep the confidence of her Central European allies so Italy must cultivate all the attributes of a first-class power if she is to gain the support of Hungary, Bulgaria, Austria, and Rumania. Then, too, Italian ambitions in North Africa must be reckoned with, for when the French claim that they need more ships to protect their vast colonial holdings Italy retorts that she needs colonies for her expanding population—and leaves the rest to the imagination of the French. Not until these difficulties in North Africa and the Balkans have been ironed out once and for all will a firm basis for Franco-Italian friendship and coöperation have been laid.

CHURCH AND STATE IN ITALY have come still closer together as a result of the decision of the Fascist Party to allow members of the

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'Catholic Action' group to join any of their organizations. As this body of militant religionists had been responsible for a good deal of the friction that used to exist between the Pope and Mussolini before the Lateran accords were signed, the new privilege that it now enjoys has aroused a good deal of speculation. It has been asserted, for instance, that the Holy See has shown weakness in allowing its most aggressive supporters to identify themselves with the present régime, but in other quarters it is claimed that the Vatican has made one more shrewd move. The loyalty of the Catholic Action Party goes out to the Church first and foremost, since most of its members have been brought up in a tradition of religious faith. For that reason there is a far greater probability that Roman Catholic influences will infect the Fascisti than that Fascist influence will infect the Church. And in the event of a break-up of the present régime, it will be excellent strategy on the part of the Vatican to have its most energetic supporters holding important posts in the most powerful political and military organizations in the land.

SUICIDE HAS BECOME so prevalent in Berlin that a semi-official society has been formed to combat its causes and to mitigate its results. The Salvation Army began the movement and every welfare centre in the city has now joined it. To try to take one's life is not a legal offense in Germany as it is in England and the United States, and one aim of the society is to prevent the numerous unsuccessful suicides from making fresh attempts. Steps will be taken to find work for those who have been driven to self-destruction by lack of a job, and loans may be offered to help freshly discharged convicts get a new start. The past few months have witnessed a sudden epidemic of suicides among farmers living near Berlin, who have first waded into some lake and then shot themselves, frequently murdering their children first. In consequence, destitute country dwellers may likewise be offered loans to tide them over difficult periods. The suicide rate among temperamental schoolboys and disappointed lovers shows no sign of diminishing. In the former cases the Suicide's Aid Society can do nothing, but in the latter instances it promises to give the bereaved survivor its most solicitous attention, though it does not presume to define what form of condolence will be offered.

AS FAR AS RUSSIAN INDUSTRY is concerned the Five-Year Plan is proving itself successful. The State Publishing Department in Moscow reveals that the coal output for last year was more than 12 per cent higher than in 1929 and 25 per cent higher than in 1913. Crude-oil production has risen 17 per cent in the past twelve months

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and 43 per cent since 1913. Pig iron production has not yet reached its pre-War level but it is 22 per cent ahead of last year's figure. The output of cotton and woolen goods is rising steadily and the Government's estimates for 1930 predict doubled production in all the industries mentioned above. The total gross industrial production of the country during 1929 represents an advance of more than 20 per cent over the previous year, so that these hopeful forecasts for 1930 may not turn out to be quite so fantastic as they sound. If the present world tendency toward overproduction continues and if the Soviet Government carries out its intention of dumping excess goods abroad, the major economic crisis for which all good Bolsheviks are hoping may be at hand.

RUSSIA ALSO APPEARS to have scored a triumph in putting through a temporary trade agreement with England whereby three Soviet representatives in London are granted diplomatic immunity. It will be remembered that the British Home Office's raid on the former Russian trading organization in Great Britain which led to the Anglo-Russian break of 1927 was only possible because at that time the Russian commercial attachés did not enjoy such immunity, and the danger of a similar occurrence has thus been avoided. How much this treaty will actually accomplish remains more or less problematical. Many moderate Conservatives deplored the break of three years ago and have steadily urged its repair, but the point has also been made that the United States does an enormous export trade with Russia but withholds official recognition. The present treaty certainly leaves the Russians no worse off than they were before, as it gives them a secure *pied-à-terre* for any propaganda they may feel like spreading and it also makes it easier for them to dump their goods on the already depressed British market. England may, of course, be able to boost her exports considerably—indeed a contract for the delivery of a few motor tractors has already been sealed. By and large, however, the Russians appear to have profited the most, for in the field of propaganda, which is of real value to them, the treaty should prove helpful both at home and in England. As for the more solid benefits that both parties may enjoy, they probably would have been achieved anyway.

THE LIBERAL PARTY in Rumania has been trying to embarrass Premier Maniu, leader of the National Peasant group, by encouraging the rumor that a Russian invasion of Bessarabia may occur at any moment. Vintilă Brătianu, chief henchman of the Liberals, is said to have inspired his friend, Poincaré, to make a speech pointing out the dangerous situation in Bessarabia. This task of persuasion was probably

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not a difficult one, as the Liberal Party in Rumania always worked smoothly with the French, who have been somewhat disturbed by Rumania's recent tendency under National Peasant leadership to gravitate toward Italy. Foreign Minister Mironescu, however, has made a statement asserting that no extraordinary situation exists, that the Russians are respecting the present frontier, and that no troops are being massed in that quarter. William Martin, foreign editor of the *Journal de Genève*, points out that war and rumors of war are two different things—that when real hostilities threaten, nothing whatever is said about them. He then states that Queen Marie's desire to be elected to the regency has led her to intrigue with a disgruntled National Peasant politician, called Stere, from Bessarabia, who has been helping to spread reports of an impending attack from Russia because Maniu refused to give him a seat in the Cabinet. During the War Stere took the side of the Central Powers but was never tried for treason because of his great prestige in Bessarabia and his friendships at court. He worked hard for the union between Bessarabia and Rumania, but his thwarted ambitions for political power have now placed him side by side with his former enemy, Poincaré.

RIVALRY BETWEEN PEKING and Nanking lies behind much of the violence and famine that are again ravaging China. Marshal Chiang Kai-shek can no longer afford to keep paying bribes to some of his more fickle supporters and in consequence his two chief rivals, Yen Hsi-shan, the so-called 'model *tuchun*,' and Feng Yu-hsiang, the 'Christian general' with a weakness for Bolshevist society, find themselves able to capitalize the discontent among the deposed functionaries of Peking, whose jobs have been taken over by the new bureaucrats of Nanking. Moreover, China is still riddled with particularism, which makes it easy for any rich and skillful leader to play off one province or group of provinces against another. Russia is also playing an inconspicuous but vital rôle. Apparently the Kuomintang did not at all approve of the arrangement its delegates had entered into with the Soviet Union in respect to the Chinese Eastern Railway. In consequence, full diplomatic relations have not been resumed and Nanking is demanding from Moscow promises not to interfere with Chinese internal politics. In all probability the present falling out between the two chief factions in China gives nothing but pleasure to the Russians, who have never been in the habit of discouraging trouble anywhere outside their own frontiers.

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America, Geneva, Palestine, and dear old London—on all these fronts British vital interests are at stake. Here is a sheaf of significant opinions, one French, two British, one German.

ENGLAND on Four Fronts

By A MIXED QUARTETTE

I. CAN AMERICA RESCUE ENGLAND?

By Bernard Faÿ

Translated from *Le Figaro*, Paris Radical Daily

FROM COLD, MUDDY LONDON, where the Naval Conference drags its slow length along, New York appears gigantic. Every week the number of unemployed increases, month by month the industrial and business depression keeps weighing England down more heavily, and the MacDonald ministry, barely sustained in power by a divided majority, makes vain attempts to cure the ills of the country with Socialist remedies, agreeably administered and attractively concocted. Up to now, however, all efforts have proved unavailing. The mob and its leaders still dream of their transatlantic cousins who lead such an easy life, who are all so rich, and whose intervention could solve all the problems of the British Empire without causing them the slightest inconvenience.

A traveler who has visited London every year since 1919 cannot fail to perceive the gradual growth of the American obsession, which now seems to haunt the whole country. American jazz music has conquered the entire youth of England via the phonograph and the radio. California moving pictures, although they suffered a few reverses, now reign supreme, and when 'British News' is flashed upon the screen it shows happenings in various parts of the Empire and in the United

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States but nothing depicting the continent of Europe. The great universities vie with each other to establish chairs of American history, London having followed Oxford's example in this respect. No group seems able to resist the spell that America casts. The great popular masses, among whom poverty is so widespread, have become fascinated with the mirage of American well-being. The United States is the only country to which English workingmen are still glad to emigrate and their quota is always full. Even high society, which has long struggled against these influences, has at last given way. The New York social season witnesses an increasing number of lovely ladies and noble gentlemen coming over from London to participate in its gaiety. The English are putting themselves out to attend the Metropolitan Opera in New York, whereas in 1912 they stayed at home waiting to instruct and refine their transatlantic cousins.

The success of the Labor Party at the last elections confirms this new orientation. Well-informed politicians assert that English voters are for the first time following debates on foreign policy with passionate interest. The old British instinct of isolation, which includes a special attitude toward the continent of Europe, again appears to be the sovereign concern of the masses, who have been stimulated by America's example and by a secret hope that England can become like the young, rich, and powerful United States by holding aloof from other countries. Mr. MacDonald's visit, in spite of all appearances, was something very different from an oratorical exercise and an exchange of kindly sentiments. It reflected the feelings of the great majority of the British population, to whom it gave profound pleasure by arousing certain hopes, even though it did not fulfill them.

ISN'T it a lovely dream—this picture of England reconciled forever with her former prodigal son, and sharing with this son a peaceful, assured rulership over all the oceans in the world, over all the raw materials in the universe, the major part of which these two great empires already own, as well as over the entire world's gold supply, that Wall Street and the City are preparing to control? Attached to each other by a common language, by religious affinities, by racial traditions and intellectual tendencies, the two great English-speaking powers ought not to have much difficulty in signing a pact that would stabilize the whole world.

In spite of the Anglo-Saxon habit of prudently maintaining a large hiatus between thought and action, many individuals on both sides of the Atlantic dream of such an alliance, and since 1919 it might have been accomplished had not enormous obstacles stood in the way. The domestic policy of the United States makes the official signature of such

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a pact impossible. In spite of their Anglo-Saxon core the American people represent a conglomeration of races that are always ready to quarrel with each other, and here lies the greatest weakness of the American empire. German-Americans, Italian-Americans, Irish-Americans, and negroes accept the tacit supremacy of the Anglo-Saxons, but it would provoke these groups unduly if this superiority were formulated and consecrated in the form of some public act. Such a step would involve infinite difficulties as well as the political defeat of any party that attempted it. America can undertake to support a policy of *rapprochement* with England provided this condition is never made ostensible or specifically defined, for the new order will not tolerate any definite agreement.

This is why all the advances have had to come from the British side —and they have not been lacking. Represented by an excellent ambassador in Washington, Sir Esme Howard, England has been lavishing kind attentions on America, but the moment is arriving when she is feeling the need of obtaining some results. The Egyptian crisis, which slackened the bonds between England and Egypt, has been followed by the crisis in India, and no one knows what will happen there. India has been increasing its duties on British cotton to such a point that the big Lancashire factories are in a dangerous condition. Australia is raising its tariffs. Canada, in its eagerness to obtain higher prices for its grain, is cutting down its imports and exports.

To put the matter in a nutshell, the British Empire threatens to fall to pieces. Economic coöperation between the various parts of the Empire is in a more dangerously weak condition than ever before, and all this is happening just when the mother country has the greatest need of her children's support. For all their fine appearance the English people are growing disturbed. Proof of this occurred during the past six weeks, when Lord Rothermere and Lord Beaverbrook founded and promoted their new party, the United Empire Party, whose chief programme is to assure close economic coöperation between the different parts of the Empire, to keep a firm hand on India, and to save and exploit imperial markets. Industry, business, and even the popular masses responded to this appeal so actively that Mr. Baldwin, leader of the Conservative Party, became convinced that he and his followers would have to adopt these war cries with certain reservations.

BUT this programme can have no meaning unless it marshals the new British Empire against America as if they were two distinct unities, rivals on the sea and rivals in business. Any closer unity between England and its dominions in the economic sphere will directly affect the United States, whose commercial relations with Canada and Australia are

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manifold. As for England, if she were to reduce her fleet appreciably at the very moment when she ought to be demanding new privileges from her dominions, that would be tantamount to severing relations with them completely. Although America wishes England well she can only grant vague, discreet favors, whereas England needs immediate and specific assistance at considerable economic risk. This is the dilemma that has been haunting all the politicians who have met in London under the pretext of promoting peace. Wisely and politely everyone has tried to talk of other subjects but it has done no good. The last stage will be finding someone to take the blame, for the next elections will demand a scapegoat. But these elections, though they possess sovereign interest for the politicians, have ceased to concern the general public, as the business crisis has become too pressing.

Two great peoples are thus groping in the dark, trying to find each other. They do not lack good will or generosity but they lack the great man who should be able to find the proper formula or invent some solution. Meanwhile, destiny looks on and laughs, and, through the fantastic fog of London, lowering like some phantom ship, the haunting vision of New York and all its lights looms up across the sea.

II. England and the League

By Norman Angell

From the *Manchester Guardian*, Liberal Daily

To the Editor of the 'Manchester Guardian.'

Sir: Many of us who always have looked upon the *Manchester Guardian* as a very city of refuge in times of prejudice and confusion of the public mind have watched with growing uneasiness some change of its attitude of late in relation to the League of Nations. If the views it has expressed recently prevail in the public policy of this country, it will mean—I, for one, am convinced—the end of the League as a defense-securing mechanism in Europe and a general return to the mechanism of the balance of power as we knew it before the War.

The League, as we know, arose out of the obvious failure of the older method of each state acting in isolation for its defense. The League, as its fundamental principle, laid it down that an act of aggression by a state was not the concern merely of the immediate victim but of the whole society of states, as in every organized society an attack upon one of its members is the concern of the whole. In the absence of that principle, indeed, no organized society is possible, for a very simple reason. The individual who feels that the community will remain completely neutral when he is the victim of injury, of injustice, will necessarily take

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his own measures to resist. But he, party to the dispute, is not likely to be a good judge of what is fair; the other party may have, just as sincerely, a different view. If each has nothing but his own strength to protect his right he will be, if possible, stronger than his rival, who follows the same policy. The inevitable outcome of such a situation is competition of power and, finally, conflict. If society is to be completely neutral in the disputes of its members, there can be no society.

This ending of neutrality was perhaps of all the Covenant principles the one upon which President Wilson insisted most. No principle of the League is more clearly defined. A nation which, in disregard of its covenants, resorts to war 'shall *ipso facto* be deemed to have committed an act of war against all other members of the League,' says Article 16. Wilson recognized this as a revolution in international relationship and law. Those two lines sweep away the whole doctrine of neutrality as we had known it heretofore. The mountain of legalistic literature which had collected around it had by one stroke become obsolete.

No one concerned disputed this at the time of the signature of the Covenant. There was complete agreement on the part of virtually every advocate of the League who wrote or spoke at the time. It was recognized that only by making an act of war against one an act of war against all (as within the nation a crime against one person, however little we may be interested in his private concerns, is a crime against society) could the international anarchy which is the ultimate cause of war be ended. That is to say,—it is merely another way of stating the fact,—an act of war against one made us the allies of that one.

ALL this is very familiar, and there was, I repeat, for the first few years among friends of the League who made any profession of understanding its principles no disagreement on the point. But in the last year or two this whole position has been abandoned by some who for nearly a decade have implicitly or explicitly maintained it. The other day a great London journalist, whose devotion to the cause of peace no one would question, wrote:—

> . . . our freedom to keep out of war must be absolute. . . . Instead of there being no neutrals, as the advocates of armed sanctions have hitherto supposed, there will be more neutrals than ever—at least until they have given themselves full time to consider the merits.

The above is not an isolated expression. A hundred times within the last few months—in the press, in Parliament, on the platform—have we had reiterated the statement that our first concern should be to have nothing to do 'with other people's wars.'

Well, for good or ill, this, if it means what it says, is the end of the League as a peace-preserving device. Nothing could indicate more

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clearly a complete reversal of the principles upon which the League was founded, of the surrender of the key position taken by all who labored at its creation, and a return to the old conception that power is to be a purely national instrument, for use as we see fit when the time comes. The main motive in the change seems to be to align our policy with that of the United States instead of coöperating with Europe.

I do not think that the *Manchester Guardian* has been as explicit as the editor quoted above, but some of us fear that it is tending in that direction. The circumstances of the discussion have led the casual reader to conclude that the commitments we have been asked to clarify are on behalf of *France*. But they are on behalf of *arbitration*, of such assistance in the prevention of hostilities as may enable arbitration to operate, and are given exactly as much to any state opposing France as to France; and as much by them to us. The essence of the arrangement is that we do not pass judgment on the ultimate merits of the dispute, but insist upon peaceable settlement, and do what we can to prevent a breach of the peace which will make pacific third-party judgment impossible.

THE trouble has arisen over the bad and thought-distorting term, 'sanctions.' The economic sanctions, it is argued, might bring us into conflict with America, and could not be applied without naval or military power—'an entangling war commitment,' driving out Beelzebub by Beelzebub. I should welcome that argument heartily if the conclusion of it, by the majority of those who used it, was that we should never in any circumstances go to war. If that were their conclusion they would stand for the complete abolition of our navy and army, irrespective of the action of other nations. But that is not the conclusion urged by most who describe themselves as anti-sanctionists. They want us to keep our arms, as the most pacifist government Britain has ever possessed stands for keeping our arms, reducing only as others reduce. Theirs is not the position of the Quaker, a position which is not only in itself noble and inspiring but completely consistent and logical. The Quaker is against defending others by arms because he is against defending himself by arms; he is against international sanctions because he is against national sanctions.

But Mr. Garvin and others who want to return to the old neutrality and isolationism, and object to any commitment to defend the victim of aggression, propose to keep our navy and army at the same relative power as heretofore. They remind us that we have signed the Kellogg Pact undertaking to submit every dispute to pacific settlement 'of whatever nature and whatever origin.' Then why retain our armed forces? To defend ourselves? But what is defense? Resistance to actual invasion? We were not being invaded in 1914, and Germany positively

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implored our neutrality. Were we—and about twenty of our allies—aggressors because we fought without being invaded? In about eight hundred years our army has fought in almost every country of the world except England. The history of most great states is similar. What nations defend is not their territory but what they believe to be their vital interests, rights, and safety.

But, argues the isolationist, we would submit henceforth those questions of interests and rights to arbitration, and we retain our armed force only in case the other party to the Pact does not abide by his undertaking to arbitrate and tries to impose his view of his rights upon us by force. We will arbitrate everything; but if the other won't, and fights, we will resist.

Note the situation it creates in international affairs. We proclaim, by retaining our arms, our belief that some nation may violate its undertaking never to fight—so the plea that we should trust to good faith and not to force falls to the ground in the case of those who stand for the retention of our navy and army. The 'anti-sanctionist,' as he calls himself, does *not* trust in what he calls universal good faith, and *does* approve of armed sanctions for the pacific settlement of disputes, provided they are his sanctions and he can determine when they shall or shall not be applied. He approves of the institution of police in international affairs if he can be the policeman and decide the merits of the dispute, which means in practice being judge and litigant in one. He approves of national sanctions controlled by himself to ensure arbitration for his own nation when he desires it, and opposes international sanctions controlled internationally to ensure arbitration for others—possibly when we might not deem arbitration desirable. His objection to the international commitment seems to be that there would be no assurance that an international body, detached from the dispute, would limit sanctions to securing arbitration; or he fears that such detached body might judge wrongly which state was prepared to arbitrate and which not. But, he says, where we are a party to the dispute, have interests, prepossessions, passions, there we can judge, and to that case he would apply sanctions—the invincible sanction of our navy.

I DO not impute bad faith. The danger of war is greatest where the good faith is most complete—where, that is, each side is absolutely and passionately convinced that it is right: for then there will be no yielding. It will be another fight for right on both sides. To diminish that danger it is necessary to establish the principle that the army or navy is not a private national instrument to be used to enforce our view of the merits of a case but the instrument of an international decision or judge; not the instrument of one of the litigants, which it is if you make it a purely

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national sanction. If you cannot take the risk of abolishing the national forces altogether,—and the action of the present pacifist government shows you cannot,—then establish clearly that they can only be put in motion by an international decision taken by those committed to putting their forces in motion as well. You can only secure that commitment by giving yours. If the mechanism of determining whether a state is really prepared to arbitrate or not is defective, improve it. But the sanctions should be international or none at all. To the degree that military forces, sanctions, are made international people will not want to use them, for national partisanship will be absent and war will be not a glorious national football match vindicating our side as against the other, a trial of strength with a rival, but a cold, unenthusing business, undertaken as the result of decisions only partly ours. To the degree that sanctions are national, resulting from a purely national decision, they will, such is the nature of nationalism, always be a matter of warm partisanship, flags, and music.

If we are to make the decision which sets these forces in motion an international one, we must accept the principle of Article 16. If we are to tie others to our cause of arbitration, we must tie ourselves to theirs. Then we shall block balance-of-power combinations, because if a nation's power is pledged to uphold the law it cannot be pledged to uphold the cause of one of the litigants as against the other.

To try to make institutions international, while the forces of the world are purely national, is to invite failure. Either abolish those forces or tie them to the institution. My own view is that we must internationalize them as the first step to abolishing them.

Yours, etc.,

NORMAN ANGELL

HOUSE OF COMMONS, April 10

III. THE PALESTINE REPORT

By a Political Observer

From the *Week-End Review*, London Conservative Weekly

THE Palestine Commission has greatly exceeded the terms of its reference, which were to inquire into the immediate causes of the disturbances last summer and to make recommendations for avoiding their repetition. Instead of discharging this comparatively simple task the Commission has written a long and elaborate essay on everything to do with the Palestine Mandate. We are prepared to admire zeal even in excess, though if we had required a review of a great international trust we should hardly have chosen a judge from Malaya to preside over the task. But the transgression from the terms of reference is singularly

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unfortunate in this case because it encourages the Arabs in hopes that cannot possibly be fulfilled.

It is in the main a whitewashing report. No person, according to it, is particularly to blame for what happened. We are left to infer that what is wrong in Palestine is the mandate for the Jewish National Home, and that subject to some minor errors of judgment the disorders broke out because we were attempting a task which as at present defined is impossible. It may well be that the terms of the mandate require more precise definition in the interests of all parties alike, but that is a question of high policy that far transcends the competence of any one department or of those who could be said to be under its influence.

Not to put too fine a point on the matter, the Colonial Office and the Palestine Administration are themselves in the position of defendants. If an administration accepts the task of making a national home for the Jews and so discharges it that a number of these Jewish guests of ours are murdered, there is prima facie ground for suspicion that the trust is being incompetently administered. This was the proper subject of inquiry. Perhaps a commission of which the chairman was a colonial judge could not be expected to criticize colonial administration freely; but it was even less competent to make excursions into high international and imperial policy.

This is hardly the place to examine in detail the charges and countercharges with which the report deals. It is unfortunately true that the relations between the Jews and the Arabs are strained, and neither the conditions nor the manner of the inquiry nor the apologetics of the report have improved them. That there have been faults on both sides is also true. But were not all these factors known beforehand? If the function of government be merely to keep the ring and show favor to neither side, one could accept the faults of either side as sufficient excuse for what has happened. But if there is an art of government, and if the duty of an administration is to control evil forces and strengthen those which make for peace and progress, the government itself is to blame for a breakdown. It was precisely because we were supposed to know how to govern and to perform difficult tasks with credit that the mandate was assigned to us. One sentence in the report reveals an amazing misconception of the whole situation in Palestine. 'The outbreak,' it says, 'neither was nor was intended to be a revolt against British authority in Palestine.' But the whole basis of British authority in Palestine was the national home for Jews and the mandate to secure it. How, then, can it be said that the Arabs, who have never ceased to resist the mandate, are still loyal to the British authority?

Apart from the mandate, we are in Palestine solely by the right of conquest, and if we have no intention of carrying it out it would be our duty to resign the mandate and to ask that it should be handed over to

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some other Power more competent or willing than ourselves. We do not wish to be too hard on an administration which has not had the pick of the Civil Service and is given a task for which there are no precedents, but really the difficulty is to describe anything that it has done in anything but negations. It has not cost the home taxpayer anything to speak of; it has not spent money lavishly; it has not made many changes; it has not shown conspicuous bias to anything except the preservation of the *status quo*. But when we ask what has been done for the good of the country, for the development of its resources and the improvement of health, education, agriculture, and trade, the government record is nearly blank, and the only active agents have been the Jews.

The government seems to have conceived itself as a mere keeper of the ring and it has not been very successful even at that. The Zionists are the only leaven of progress. That would not be worthy of us even if there were no mandate; the world naturally expects from us some very decided improvement on Turkish methods. But with a mandate, it is certainly most regrettable that the wards should have been left to make their own way with so little practical assistance and that the trustee should regard so coldly and dispassionately the Jews, who have put it in the extremely advantageous legal position that it occupies.

THIS position of ours in Palestine is not a burden, but an exceedingly valuable privilege, and it shows a remarkable lack of imagination in our people that the fact should not be generally realized. In developing an old, neglected estate, the chief drawback is usually the amount of capital expenditure that is required. But we are in the extremely fortunate position of being able to draw on the whole world for subscriptions. Palestine is the first colonial responsibility in the history of the world which has had that privilege. Yet there are people who, enjoying the contributions for the good of the country, grumble at the manners of those who make them and contrast them with the manners of the Arabs. To no one but the Jew is Palestine a country at all; to the Arab it is merely a part of *Arabia irredenta*, not a separate entity. But we as mandatories in Palestine have to administer it as a separate entity. It is our duty to make a success of the country and our success depends on the degree of help in money, brains, and character that we can obtain from Jews. This is equally an Arab interest in Palestine, for without this reinforcement the country must remain backward, its people poor, and its independent future precarious. Justice must be equal to both races, but in the choice of the means of progress we must show a better appreciation of values than we have yet done. And if our government in Palestine is to be worthy of us, we must make new facts and not merely content ourselves with preserving a *status quo*.

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There are other powerful arguments for Zionism, of which the force seems never to have been properly realized in this country. Of all international forces, probably the Jews are the strongest. For a century, our old quarrel with the Irish made enemies for us in nearly every country of the world. Is it nothing for us that the efficient discharge of our trust in Palestine has put us in the way of making friends for the British Empire in every country of the world? Is it nothing to us who have such vast interests in the East to have this little corner of the Mediterranean as the focus of influences that are loyal and helpful to ourselves and may with good fortune awaken the East in a sense that is favorable to us and reconcile its temperamental conflict with the West? May we not find in this new, progressive East the equivalent to the development of America, which did so much to repair the damage of the wars with Napoleon? And lastly, can we, with our position in Egypt about to be changed, afford to ignore the advantage of having in Palestine the other bank of the Canal in our keeping, and that with the full legal sanction of the world?

IV. John Bull Goes Walking

By Georg Popoff

Translated from the *Pester Lloyd,* Budapest German-Language Daily

POOR JOHN BULL has found precious little pleasure in reading the newspapers for some time past. Dangerous situations threaten him on all sides, every kind of crisis is gathering in every direction. Ancient traditions are falling away. The great survivors of great times, Lord Balfour and Lord Coventry, for instance, are vanishing one after another, sinking into their graves like fallen columns of some classic temple. But John Bull would not be a real Britisher, brought up on bacon and eggs, cricket and football, and endowed with his celebrated 'playing attitude' if he were to let himself be bullied by destiny so easily. 'Let the crisis gather,' ruminates John Bull. 'Let all these diplomats with their naval and other conferences argue as they please. Let this "grotesque and ridiculous" Snowden rifle the British citizen of the last penny in his pocket. Let these infernal Socialists revile good old England as much as they please,'—for John Bull himself is an irreproachable Tory—'one thing they can't stop. They cannot keep spring out of this evergreen isle.'

So, instead of railing at these contemptible times, he puts on his immemorial top hat, such as the characters in Dickens wore, and sets forth on a tour of London, which remains in many respects the same good old city it used to be in the days of Victoria (God rest her soul!), for it has somehow survived this mad Labor Government and all these crazy modern improvements.

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John Bull's path takes him through Hyde Park, but first he has to make his way down Piccadilly. It is a splendid, smiling morning. Plump little women are offering springtime flowers for sale. The jovial sun smiles gaily on John Bull's gleaming nose, whose reddish hue has been induced by generations of port-wine drinking. Already Johnny's irritation has markedly decreased. Only as he passes through Piccadilly Circus does he find something to complain about. The trouble here is that these infernal subway builders have been digging and digging for five years in this beautiful, world-renowned square and have changed everything around so that the statue of Eros that used to stand in the middle of the square has been removed and deposited in some deserted shed. Though the work is over now nobody knows what has become of the statue of Eros, the symbol of old Piccadilly. Nothing has replaced it in this finest of all squares in the heart of London—the heart of the world, John Bull calls it, though it is only a bare stretch of asphalt now.

JOHN BULL goes stamping angrily on his way. A few paces further, another surprise awaits him. Those disgusting American hotel proprietors are tearing down the building that used to house the Savile Club, and are erecting some tasteless monstrosity of a hotel palace in its place. Many other ancient structures on both sides of Piccadilly have already fallen and now it is the Savile Club's turn.

Many Londoners remember 107 Piccadilly as a spot of precious memories. Indeed, the first of these memories can well be described as precious, for none other than Nathan Mayer Rothschild once lived here, the same famous Nathan who came to London from Frankfurt a hundred and twenty-five years ago to make himself a fortune. Blücher also stayed here about that time, in 1815 to be precise, when he spent several weeks in London, and was royally entertained in this very house. Many an evening he must have stood in this door, looking in amazement over his renowned but utterly un-English pipe at the honorable Londoners. And now this historic mansion must disappear like so many other memories of John Bull's vanished but gallant youth.

After all these dreary and sorrowful impressions it does John Bull good to plunge into Hyde Park. How lovely it is during these early spring days! And it grows more lovely the further one goes. Thousands upon thousands of flowers—tulips, crocuses and many others—cover the whole surface of its fields, a sea of springtime blossoms, a charming and appealing picture. Good John Bull, who was always a nature lover, stops involuntarily to gaze at all the flowers and gradually an expression of genuine pleasure steals over that beefsteak countenance of his that looked so angry and sullen a brief moment ago. During these morning hours, while the 'common people' are working, members of society ap-

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pear in Hyde Park, reveling in the fact that they still belong to a class. They include old lords with white whiskers and still older ladies, but there are elegant young dandies, too, eager to give the impression that Beau Brummell did not die so very long ago after all, and finally there is a whole party of graceful pink-and-white English beauties, who look almost too much like the advertisements for some kind of soap, but who are certain to cut a figure during the coming season.

This reminds John Bull that this very morning the first list of balls to be given during the coming season has been published. Things are starting early this year, the reason being that the good King is quite himself again and believes that he is entirely cured. He has let this fact become widely known and as a result a great quantity of court balls and other royal festivities will occur in the course of the summer. At present, however, the monarch is gaining strength for all these social ordeals in Windsor Castle, where the court will greet the arrival of spring. In one wing of the old castle, the so-called Victoria Tower, where the King's private rooms are situated, an elevator has been installed so that His Majesty does not have to tire himself climbing the lofty stairs of his royal dwelling. But the King's real cure is being effected in his splendid park at Windsor, where millions of flowers are growing and where Mother Nature unrolls herself before the eyes of the mightiest monarch in the world.

JOHN BULL'S springtime jaunt ends where it began, in the district of Westminster near the Houses of Parliament. He turns his footsteps to Westminster Abbey, and, even if the great British dead that lie within its walls had died a thousand times over, for him they remain eternally alive. Here he came only the other day to a memorial service for Lord Balfour, to whom a tablet will soon be erected like those raised to so many of his predecessors. 'To too many of his predecessors,' John Bull mutters to himself, for the dark interior of the abbey is so crowded with marble monuments to great Englishmen that there is hardly room for another immortal to be memorialized.

But now he leaves the cool interior of the abbey and steps again into the warm, healthy springtime air. Like all other English churches, the abbey is surrounded by a lovely garden, where many crocuses, tulips, and snowdrops are blooming. A group of happy children is playing in the street. One of them, a lusty blond youth barely five years old, runs up to the old gentleman and holds out a bunch of dewy snowdrops.

'Crises come and go,' reflects John Bull, as he finally walks home. 'Great statesmen live and die. Pillars of marble stand for centuries and fall, but life eternally refreshes itself, and in the springtime flowers always bloom.'

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Here is a comparative study in national temperaments based on many years of experience at Geneva. Professor Madariaga shows what happens when the French and British try to get together.

Janus *at* GENEVA

By SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA

From the *Spectator*
London Conservative Weekly

NATURE'S EXTRAVAGANCE is a well explored topic. Yet her admirable imagination in creating ways of differing has not attracted as much attention as it deserves. It is a subject bound to commend itself to those among the pilgrims to Geneva whose critical faculty has not been obliterated by faith. Differences are the very notes on which the international symphony is constructed, and true internationalists revel in them with as much delight as the modern musician enjoys his sevenths. The scope of enjoyment is, however, wider for the internationalist than for the musician, for differences in international politics are not only numberless, but what mathematicians describe as doubly infinite. There are two infinite sets of ways of differing: as to the object and as to the way to look at it.

A landlord and a tenant differ as to the object. Smith believes the rent should be high because he is the landlord; Jones holds the rent should be low because he is the tenant. Interchange their relationship toward the property and their opinions will change accordingly. This is a clear case of objective difference. It all comes from the object, that is, from the way it is placed in relation to the people who differ. Italy is less armed and poorer than France. She wants naval parity at a low figure. If she were more armed or richer she would refuse naval parity to France, who would then want it. This is also a case of objective difference. And there is no need to prove that there are as many of them

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in Geneva (or in London) as there are nations multiplied by the relations which may be imagined between them.

But there is a second infinite of subjective differences. A potential agreement—or even an actual if tacit agreement—of an objective kind may be prevented or obscured or even actually repressed by a divergence as to the way, not to look at the object, but to see it. Such is the case, for instance, in the immense majority of issues between man and woman. Objectively, agreement may be possible, at least in theory. Subjectively, it is prevented by the fact that the two disputants argue in two different idioms, fight on two different planes, or, as the saying goes, are at loggerheads. This second cause of differences is constantly active in Geneva, for its roots are in psychology and Geneva is the paradise of psychologists since it provides a stage for fifty-five national characters.

AS IT happens, there is perhaps no clearer contrast there than that between the two protagonists of the League. England and France seem to have been selected by Providence as the two pure antagonistic elements or poles of the international system, forming a couple of opposites comparable to the couple, acid-base, in chemistry, or to that of the masculine and feminine elements in human life. In Geneva everything gravitates either toward the empirical or toward the theoretical, toward expedients or toward principles, rule of thumb or general law, wait and see or foresight of all contingencies, English ways or French ideas.

In practically every argument between England and France the objective differences due to the inherent conflict of national interests are thus complicated by subjective divergences due no longer to a different perspective but to the different nature of the eye that observes. England brings to Geneva her empirical habits of mind. This means that England nearly always advocates the minimum of preëstablished agreements to meet future contingencies. The empirical mind stretches thus as little as possible along the line of time. But it limits itself also in that mental dimension of the present which we call breadth. It shrinks from generalizations. Narrow and shortsighted, the Englishman remains firmly attached to the earth of realities.

The Frenchman, on the contrary, comes to Geneva with a mind which nature and training have made an aim in itself. He approaches questions as problems, and while the Englishman is feeling a way out he has already thought out a solution. It is more often than not a perfect solution, applicable in all cases and at all times—so perfect in fact as to stagger the Englishman, who as an empirical man feels as uncomfortable in the presence of perfection as a sailor on land or a horseman walking. Generalization and foresight are the two qualities of the Frenchman's thought. His method is logic.

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It would be grotesque to simplify the contrast by saying that the Englishman is a will and the Frenchman a mind. Nor, tempting as it is, would it be correct to describe the Englishman as a will using a mind and the Frenchman as a mind using a will. The interplay of the two faculties is more subtle than that. It might perhaps be put in this way: mind and will are used by the Englishman with the tempo and characteristics of will; by the Frenchman with the tempo and characteristics of mind. This would explain the blunt, concrete, and slow-moving character of English mental contributions to the League; and also the pertinacious, methodical, and logical developments of the French will in Geneva. The parallel is striking, whatever the subject of the political dialogue which may be chosen to illustrate it.

FURTHERMORE, these profound differences of the English and the French characters as they manifest themselves outwardly are enriched by their very effects on the inner man. For it is obvious that the Englishman's picture of the Englishman and the Frenchman's picture of the Frenchman are bound to differ perhaps more profoundly still than their respective views of the outside world. The Englishman does not know himself at all. He is too well bred to be inquisitive. He *feels* himself and is quite satisfied that he is 'all right,' as every man with his record—public school, etc.—is bound to be. Whatever his empirical mind brings forth is therefore all right also, and this assurance enables him to come forth before the world with the most naïvely egotistical proposals presented with an impassive, earnest, and sincere face as universal boons. The Frenchman smiles and exclaims, '*Ah! ces Anglais!*' Yet *his* way does not lead to much greater concordance between professions and intentions. His mind is too active and clear not to know the inner man well. While the Englishman sees his intentions as nebulæ seen in a foggy sky, the Frenchman sees his as clear stars marking the course of his action and thought. It follows that the Frenchman has all the qualities of the general staff of a good army. He plans in advance, calculates his marches, countermarches, and strongholds. He defines his aims accurately and proceeds toward them skillfully.

The result is curiously alike in both cases. The Englishman is always advocating England's interests as if the world were sure to die but for them, and the Frenchman always proving as mathematical truth the particular principle which happens to fit at the time Marianne's little finger. But the Englishman gives the impression that he has more faith in his position, since he seems less able to invent his arguments, while the Frenchman at times argues so perfectly that it seems unnecessary to assume that he needs truth to be on his side.

Both protagonists tend to underestimate the critical faculty of their

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partners. These partners, after all, are not wholly disinterested audiences. They are, just as the Frenchman and the Englishman, representatives of definite national interests fully aware of the advantages of presenting one's case as if it were the world's dearest hope and salvation. If they do not do it themselves, it is not because they are above temptation or below ability to do so. It is for the simple reason that the Englishman and the Frenchman enjoy the advantage of speaking in their own languages and—to paraphrase Voltaire—it is our own language and no other which was given us to hide our thoughts. The two protagonists of Geneva are not fully aware of the tremendous privilege which they were granted when their two languages were made official for League work. An international observer once suggested that no one should be allowed to speak in his own language in Geneva: the French and the English laughed heartily at this capital joke. And yet it was not a joke, it was not even the expression of a desirability, it was the description of what actually happens there for every delegation except the English, the French, and the Belgian. The situation is far from satisfactory. The English generally throw away their chances by refusing to speak well and making rambling, hesitating utterances which they painfully pull out of their chests by vigorous tugs at their coat lapels; but the French make the most of their advantage, and when a Briand or a Paul Boncour points the artillery of French eloquence at the awkwardly expressed arguments of Germans and Italians, the idea that all nations are equal in Geneva is apt to strike observers as a mockery.

IN A sense this self-absorption which prevents every nation from realizing the actual position of other nations is inevitable. Nothing but a long experience of Geneva, preferably from the vantage ground of the Secretariat, can confirm the instinctive international attitude from which all national points of view are equally limited; and nothing at all, not even Secretariat experience, can develop the instinctive, spontaneous sympathy with every national point of view, even though an intellectual, conscious sympathy may be cultivated by deliberate effort. Thus in the immense majority of cases the peculiar turn imposed by national psychology will be found to be closely intertwined with the peculiar turn imposed by national policy.

This fact may be illustrated by means of two present-day examples. The French policy of 'sanctions' may be explained equally well from the point of view of national psychology and from that of national policy. It is the logical outcome of the constructive mind of France seeking in the League of Nations the political institution which is to take in the international field the same position which the State occupies in the national field. But it is also the immediate political aim of a nation

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intent on extracting from the European nations bound by the League Covenant an insurance of the Treaty of Versailles and of the gains which France obtained under it. It is unfair to France to forget the first interpretation or to doubt its genuineness; it is simply foolish to overlook the second, which indeed the French press allows no one to do.

As for England, her reluctance to commit herself to a policy of 'sanctions' is obviously the result of a psychological feature—let us not cross the bridge until we come to it, let us keep an open mind, wait and see, and so forth—but it is also a line of policy, since it is to the advantage of a powerful nation to remain in unfettered possession of the use of its power. Hence the outcry against the Protocol on the (entirely fantastic) ground that it put the British fleet at the beck and call of foreigners. Another case in point is that of submarines. England wants them suppressed. It is *both* a demand of her humanitarian opinion and a requirement of her cool-headed Admiralty, in whose discreet counsels humanitarianism is at a discount. It is in one word pleasure and business combined. France, on the other hand, wants submarines preserved, obviously to the advantage of her naval power, but at the same time in keeping with the intellectual attitude of a people which has but little sympathy with the intrusion of humanitarian arguments in matters of war.

IT IS fortunate that the evolution of the League of Nations should have begun under the auspices of these two peoples so mutually complementary. The League was a new departure in history; it needed, therefore, intellectual boldness and imagination such as could be provided by the French genius, and at the same time the empirical sense of continuity and compromise of which England is past mistress. Without France the League might have lost in breadth and universal spirit; without England in vitality and historical sense. France has brought to the League an intellectual dignity which England would not always have troubled to ensure, and might at times have deliberately neglected. England gave the League her incomparable moral tone. This parallel applies particularly to the Secretariat, which fundamentally is an Anglo-French creation made to the image of the Civil Service, yet with a variety of intellectual interests and a sense of construction which are undoubtedly due to the French element in it.

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Legislation has not stabilized the franc but a controlled gold supply might work wonders. A French expert points out some weak spots in the modern currency systems and suggests changes.

The Uncertain FRANC

By GEORGES DOVIME

Translated from the *Revue Universelle*
Paris Literary and Political Monthly

THE FRANC IS NOT stabilized and the law of June 25th, 1928, did not place our currency on an unvarying basis, though it did define the gold franc as weighing a certain amount, to wit, 291 milligrammes. In relation to gold the franc is therefore firmly established. On the other hand, certain foreign countries have also built their currency on gold and the stabilization of the franc on the same basis has involved as a corollary the stabilization of the franc on the foreign exchange, bounded, however, by the gold-import point on the one hand, and by the gold-export point on the other. Yet this stability on the foreign exchange that enables a given number of francs to buy a given number of pounds or dollars is not real currency stability.

True stability is the stability of the buying power of money, in other words, the stability of money in relation to the price level, and this kind of stability the monetary law of June, 1928, did not achieve, for the prices we pay for merchandise keep changing. This is a phenomenon that possesses certain very curious qualities. For many months now the price indices have stopped moving in the same direction and a growing divergence between the curve of wholesale prices and the curve of retail prices has developed. The former slopes downward while the latter rises, which means that a thousand-franc note which enabled me yesterday to buy 700 reams of paper from a wholesale merchant enables me to buy 800 reams to-day and will perhaps enable me to buy

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900 reams to-morrow, whereas if I want to use this money to buy paper at retail the same thousand-franc note will only buy me 400 reams to-day, whereas last week it would have bought me 500 reams, and last month 600. This disparity between wholesale and retail prices is not the least of the financial paradoxes of the moment. It stupefies those people who were obsessed by the mysticism of stabilization and ingenuously believed that the magic wand of legislation could regulate the course of economic events.

UNFORTUNATELY, things are not quite so simple as all that. We were more eager to make the gesture of stabilization than to achieve the real thing. Economic laws cannot be held in check like monsters in fairy stories, and these laws have taken their revenge. The purely formal stabilization we achieved has been shattered. It has been a particularly easy feat to accomplish since appearances have remained the same. The illusion of a stable currency has persisted. On the one hand, our condition resembles that of a tree which ants have eaten away without cutting through its bark, and, on the other hand, we are like a house whose interior a stone mason has restored without modifying its outer appearance. In other words, our unified monetary system is the sport of two opposing tendencies, the one corrosive, the other restorative.

Here, undoubtedly, lies one of the most significant causes of the present divergence between the two categories of prices. On the one hand, inflation is weakening our franc and on the other deflation is giving it fresh vigor. The former condition is due to the superabundance of money available within the country. This condition affects the prices that the public pays for its merchandise. In short, the amount of money placed at the disposition of purchasers determines the price of the goods sold to them. Deflation, on the other hand, makes itself felt in the wholesale price field, which is more influenced by the fluctuations of foreign prices, and, in consequence, by the amount of money that buyers on the world market have to spend rather than on the amount of goods any one nation has to sell. Thus, in the former case, the amount of money circulating in France has lowered the value of the franc in relation to retail prices, whereas, in the second instance, the volume of gold circulating throughout the world has determined the purchasing power of our money in the field of wholesale goods, and has caused the purchasing power of our money to rise ten points since stabilization has been effected.

The first problem to be solved is the stabilization of our unit of value, in other words, gold, the metal universally agreed upon as a basis of exchange. Yet gold itself is not an invariable measure. It is a form of merchandise like any other, subject to the tumults of life, and

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its value is determined by economic laws. The result is that the fixed amount of gold put in circulation through the foreign purchases made by the Bank of France in accordance with the law of June 25th, 1928, does not allow the buyer of a note based on this gold to purchase always the same amount of merchandise in foreign markets. At one time the same sum will buy a bushel and at another time a bushel and a half of wheat. The reason for this is that gold has been in greater or less demand on the world markets; in other words, the purchasing power of our common measure of value has varied.

This same phenomenon has repeated itself on a large scale every time in the course of history that the world stock of gold has increased or decreased. When the gold mines in the New World were discovered at the end of the fifteenth century, gold suffered a noticeable depreciation, and the discovery during the nineteenth century of the gold fields in Australia and California and later the exploitation of still more fields in Colorado, Alaska, and South Africa produced serious changes in the purchasing power of this metal. The progress of metallurgy threatens to produce similar repercussions, and shortly before the War the treatment of minerals with cyanide affected the price of gold. Variations in the gold supply may also result from fluctuations in demand. Given a steady production of gold, business activity and business depression can make the value of gold rise or fall. What then are the effects of these variations on the purchasing power of gold?

Since these variations possess a very general character and are not limited to a single nation, they do not influence the relative value of money in the individual countries. The currency of these countries remains interchangeable at a fixed level. No one country, therefore, suddenly finds itself importing or exporting a greater amount of gold. No one country can profit by playing the foreign exchange.

On the other hand, the domestic price level in each country will vary inversely with the fluctuations in the value of gold. Thus prices may be unstable without the theoretic value of gold being modified, and this instability damages commerce, agriculture, industry, and the stock exchange. It creates political strife, falsifies our calculations of the future, increases the income of one group to the detriment of another, in short, destroys the normal rhythm of production, and increases the likelihood of serious social disorders.

ALL countries are therefore interested in stabilizing the purchasing power of gold, that is to say, in making the production of gold harmonious with the need of it. They can only succeed in this effort, however, by agreeing to act together in relation to the output of the mines and to the rhythm of demand. Control of gold production could

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be effectively exercised through a syndicate of gold-producing nations which would regulate the mining of gold to the needs of the moment and which would open or close certain mines, keeping in view the interests of the world at large rather than the interests of individual producers, who, up to the present time, have been the sport of chance. In other words, this international syndicate would imitate the policy of certain groups of oil and rubber producers which have succeeded, by judicious regulation of their sales, in protecting their products from the arbitrary assaults of a free market.

Professor Lehfeldt, one of the first men to outline such a plan, has pointed out that this control of production could easily be achieved, since England and the United States produce four-fifths of the world's gold supply. He has also demanded that the syndicate in control should prevent a possible shortage by mining as much metal as is needed to finance current transactions, even if the mines could not meet their operating expenses. To remedy such a shortage, Sir Josiah Stamp recently proposed to the Philosophical Institute of Edinburgh the adoption of other precious metals besides gold, such as silver and platinum, whose production does not vary as much as the production of gold, and whose fluctuations would help to compensate for the ups and downs of the gold market.

It is not at all certain, however, that such a policy would correct the variations in the price of gold, for under cover of buttressing the voluntary regulation of the purchasing power of gold with a supplementary regulation, this reliance on other precious metals would actually do away with the benefits arising from a controlled gold supply, since the metals whose production was not regulated would be able to modify the amount of these metals that would keep pouring into our monetary system. For it is by no means certain that the production of silver or platinum will always vary in an opposite direction from the production of gold, since the production of those metals would have to be submitted to a similar control before they could safely be used to supplement gold. Indeed such a prospect should be definitely contemplated. Even without any preoccupations of a monetary order, it is quite probable that the platinum and silver supply will presently become subject to a process of control that will fix their price. This has been the fate of most forms of merchandise that are hoarded with a view to future sale, since the price offered for them rises as the need for them increases. In short, the further development of producers' associations seems almost certain to become the law of the future.

But it is not only possible to affect the buying power of gold by influencing its production, it is also possible to influence the demand for it. Suppose there is an overproduction of gold. Nations are then in a position to allow gold to circulate instead of paper. Suppose, on the

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other hand, there is a gold shortage. In that case laws will be passed limiting payments convertible into gold to those that are made abroad and in such cases the paper in which those payments are made is exchangeable only into gold ingots or bullion. No gold circulates within the country and thus the demand for it is diminished.

THIS simple outline of the causes of the fluctuating value of gold and of the remedies that might be applied shows that France possesses few means of influencing the situation. Since we do not produce gold we cannot control its supply and that is the most effective method of affecting its purchasing power. The rôle of our Institute of Emission is confined to determining how much gold goes to certain countries and in this way we are able, through the mechanism of banking, to influence in some degree the normal flow of gold. This field of influence, however, is quite limited and at best we merely play the rôle of distributor. When other banks of emission change their discount rates they almost always oppose our own gold policy, which is precisely what happened not long ago.

On the other hand, we can remedy, up to a certain point, and within our own frontiers, the effects that the shifting value of gold produces on our own currency. In short, we can stabilize our currency in spite of the fluctuation of the metal on which it is based. But this second stabilization of the franc, which must not be confused with the stabilization of June 25th, 1928, will not be achieved, as the first one was, by resorting to a metal standard whose value is itself subject to variations; it can only be achieved on the basis of an immutable standard, the standard of merchandise, which is the only one that can assure loyal transactions and the rigorous fulfillment of contracts in conformity with the will of the contracting parties. Such a stabilization is the only real one; ours is entirely fictitious.

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LETTERS AND THE ARTS

Ludwig in Paris

EMIL LUDWIG has been visiting Paris, where he allowed himself to be interviewed and to express his undying admiration for the culture of France. Of his favorite authors two are French, Balzac and Montaigne, and he puts Montaigne close to Nietzsche and Balzac on a level with Shakespeare.

'Since my twentieth year I have read Balzac,' he confessed. 'What could be clearer, lighter, finer, more profound, or more gentle than his works? My publisher is going to bring them all out in fifty volumes. What a success! Unquestionably the German élite prefer Flaubert, but the nation at large is for Balzac. I read him often, though I read few novels because I have no time. In moments of leisure, however, I pick up one of his books. Which one? What difference does it make? I only look for Balzac; I need to breathe his air in the same way that a musician begins playing any part of Schubert simply for the pleasure of relishing his musical savor.'

Max Frantel of *Comœdia*, to whom these views were vouchsafed, found Ludwig a difficult man to describe. 'After you have seen him you forget the shape of his face, his profile, the tint of his skin, and the color of his hair. You remember only his deep, scrutinizing eyes, for that is where all his personality lies. You cannot escape him. He reads to the bottom of your soul. He divines your character. He has a gentle voice and charms you with it. Has nature given him the power of being able in this way to submit you to his penetrating psychological observation?'

Asked about his work, Ludwig described it as follows: 'I study history as if it were the present. One needs only observe human characters. For twenty years I have given myself over to minute observation of everybody I have met. I have made a collection of some thousand characters. The human heart has not varied. Men of genius and heroes have the same faculties as other people, only to a greater degree. Their courage counts for more than their other qualities. Edison described genius to me as two per cent inspiration and ninety-eight per cent perspiration. Do not believe that this method leads a man to write novelized biographies. I detest nothing more than that form of history. Goethe was right in saying that it destroyed both history and the novel.'

Poor M. Frantel confesses that he was left wondering what impression he had made on his illustrious visitor and to what historic character he would be compared. 'The resemblance that he will detect will perhaps not be flattering. Oh, that redoubtable laboratory of Emil Ludwig, chemist and alchemist of the heart!'

Galsworthy on the Talkies

JOHN GALSWORTHY'S play, *Escape*, is being made into a talking film by a British company working in England, and the author was cornered by a reporter from the *Daily Telegraph* just after he had been witnessing some of the scenes. Asked to give his opinion of this new medium, Mr. Galsworthy cautiously remarked, 'I appear to have a conservative type of mind where new forms of art are concerned.' He then went on to qualify the few conclusions at which he had arrived with the modest statement that he could not speak with authority. This much, however, he did have to say:—

> The talking film appears for the moment to have taken the place of the silent film. I don't think, however, that it will kill the silent film, and I hope

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not; because certain quite definite effects which you can create on the silent film seem only to be blurred when dialogue is introduced. On the other hand, there are some subjects—and I think *Escape* is one of them—in which talking ought to be valuable.

In form this play lends itself very well to a film version. The dialogue is all in a number of 'close' scenes between two or three people, and is almost completely cut off from the action. All that will really happen is that the play, as written for the stage, will be supplemented by a number of silent 'shots'—notably of the more active part of the escape and of Dartmoor scenery—which should add to the interest.

The only film work I have watched before to-day was when a film version of *Justice* was made before the War. In that, too, Sir Gerald du Maurier took the leading part.

You ask me what will be the effect of the talking and singing film on the regular theatre. It is an extraordinarily difficult question to answer.

But if I must make a shot I should say that it may readily reduce the audiences for the coarser and more melodramatic types of play, and consolidate the more fastidious types of playgoer. But this is only a shot in the dark.

A point on which I feel very strongly is the need for authors to insist that in talking films made of their work the dialogue should be entirely written by themselves. This will certainly be the case in *Escape* and in any other talking film that may be made from my work.

It is needless for me to say that I welcome with energy the attempt that is now being made to produce really good British films.

Basil Dean, who made his début as a director only a few months ago when he supervised the production of *The Return of Sherlock Holmes* at the Paramount studio on Long Island, has been put in charge of *Escape*. Sir Gerald du Maurier and Edna Best are the leading players.

Moscow's Play of the Year

IN SPITE OF the trumped-up enthusiasm that greets every play dealing with present conditions in Russia, the most successful drama presented in Moscow this year depicts the life and times of Peter the Great. The author, Alexei Tolstoi—who, by the way, is not the same Tolstoi that wrote *Tsar Feodor Ivanovich*—has worked out the theme of a strong man struggling with stronger elemental circumstances and has been accused, in consequence, of attempting to draw an unflattering parallel of the Five-Year Plan.

The Second Art Theatre, one of the offshoots of Stanislavski's old troupe, has put on the play with amazing vividness. An old-fashioned Russian noble threatens mutiny because the Tsar has ordered his beard clipped and his wife breaks into hysterics when she hears that all Russian subjects must brush their teeth. Hungry serfs rise in revolt and kill their foreman, having been spurred on by a priest who assures them that Peter the Great is Antichrist. A parody of the ritual of the ancient Russian Church is also presented which is quite accurate historically, for Peter had wanted to show that no power, either human or divine, could touch him.

Given such material and given, also, an infinite propensity for detecting allegories, it is no wonder that the Russian critics have read between the lines of Tolstoi's play. What infuriates them is that the efforts of the Tsar come to nothing. He discovers that his counselors have been guilty of fraud and corruption and cries out in agony, 'For whom, then, have I worked all my life?' and when a storm carries away his proud fleet he exclaims, 'Soon comes the end.' One reviewer demands the immediate suppression of the play because of 'bourgeois parallels' and because the theatre is expected as a matter of course to work for the proletarian revolution. In Peter's time, as at the present, sweeping reforms were being carried out in the face of conservative opposition, and in spite of the fact that 1930 is not, after all, 1720, the more zealous advocates of Communism do not care to witness the defeat of move-

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ments similar to their own. It should be remembered, however, that the Soviet Government itself has taken no steps against the play.

Germany's Failing Theatres

THE FACT THAT the theatres of Germany are in a critical condition represents a crisis of the first magnitude, for they occupy an important position in the nation's daily life. Each municipality supports its own dramatic and operatic companies at public expense, but the deficits have been running so high—in many cases they are well over 50 per cent of the total running costs—that the popular stage is facing extinction. During 1929 the municipal theatres showed a deficit of fifty-eight million marks—and that figure does not include the losses at which the numerous state theatres are operated.

Two reasons have been assigned for this condition. It is claimed, on the one hand, that the growth of bureaucracy has forced many of these theatres to spend more money on officials than on performers. The budget of the municipal theatre at Mannheim, for instance, calls for 300,000 marks a year for administration expenses as against 250,000 for the operatic troupe and 165,000 for the legitimate actors. Another big theatre maintains a staff of forty-eight officials and forty-eight actors and costs two million marks a year to operate. On the other hand, the labor unions of musicians and stage hands are also blamed for the high running expenses. Certainly expenditures of this nature have increased enormously since 1913 but probably no one cause can be held solely responsible for the present slump. Ever since the War both the bureaucrats and the trade unionists have been gaining power and importance in Germany, with the result that they have now brought the economic life of the country almost to a standstill. Each accuses the other, as in the present theatrical crisis, but both are finding the pickings so much easier under the Republic than under the Empire that they have not yet learned when to stop.

More Radio English

FROM TIME TO TIME the British Broadcasting Company's Advisory Committee on Spoken English issues a fresh list of pronunciations accompanied by a manifesto. The latest outburst of this nature deals chiefly with words of foreign derivation and with certain errors of speech that long usage has rendered almost holy. The committee, which includes among its members Robert Bridges, Bernard Shaw, and Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, favors Anglicizing foreign words but opposes some of the old-fashioned mistakes. The word, 'ski,' is to be pronounced 'skee' and not 'shee'; 'carillon' becomes 'carillyon,' the *g* in 'Los Angeles' is to be made hard, 'Newfoundland' is to be accented on the last syllable when the country is referred to and on the next to last when it describes the breed of dog. Here are a few more—Byzantine: Byzántine; florist: flórrist; panegyrist: pannijírrist; tenet: teénet. The committee's manifesto closes with the following paragraph:—

> The sum of human wisdom in the matter of language and the modern world is not to be found in knowledge of classical vowel quantities. Words come to us from every language under the sun, and he would be a bold man who would insist upon our maintaining in English the vowel quantities and qualities that they have in their native form. Such words must give up their foreign ways and shake themselves down into an English pattern if they expect to be naturalized.

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All dressed up and no place to go just about sums up Germany's present condition. Here is a stirring appeal for some spiritual leader to save the Reich.

GERMANY At Bay

By 'JONATHANIEL'

Translated from *Der Querschnitt*
Berlin Modernist Monthly

THE PRESENT BUSINESS CRISIS is a spiritual crisis whose economic and political causes arise ultimately from our failure to understand its true nature. The results are shattering. The spirit has been commercialized and commerce has become despiritualized, headless, leaderless, directionless. Only poets can save economics.

The situation might be roughly outlined as follows. Before the War the work of the world was divided among England as the business and banking centre, Germany as the manufacturing centre, and America as the source of raw materials and chief purchaser of our industrial products. That era, however, has passed and has been succeeded by a dangerous period of bitter competition. In spite of all the tariff conferences, in spite of the League of Nations and the International Chamber of Commerce, tariff walls rise higher every day. Newly constituted nations are fostering native industries and in Europe alone five thousand kilometres of new customs frontiers have been created. Sound economics demand the abolition of these frontiers, the creation of a European customs union, the manufacture of goods by those nations that are able to produce them cheapest and best, the development of a free European market similar to that of the United States. Only under such circumstances can we achieve mass production and mass consumption, and the low prices and high wages that they bring with them.

But it is clear that this condition of economic well-being is merely a mental picture that cannot be realized because political interests,

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political passions, nationalism, chauvinism, and shortsighted, mistaken self-interest are much stronger, and because sentiment, not intelligence, dictates conduct. The creation of a European customs union would automatically mean that world production must be established on a new basis and such a task could only be accomplished by reimbursing those industries that would have to shut down. But our energies have been stunted by our repression of all spiritual things and by our segregation of the spirit from economic life so that now we cannot seriously discuss constructive measures, much less carry them into practice.

This condition has brought into existence two new forms of government, Bolshevism and Fascism, which have not only shut off Russia from world markets and jeopardized the political and economic unity of Europe, but have also encouraged egotistical theories hostile to such unity. The economic policy of the United States has likewise ignored spiritual matters. It has isolated America from foreign influences and is also responsible for the tariff dispute and general prosperity which in turn caused the Stock-Exchange crisis that endangered Europe. Furthermore, American production has risen to such a level that exports must be forced on other countries.

WHAT we have outlined here on a large scale has repeated itself in Germany on a small scale. The creation of a unified nation, attempted in 1919 when everything seemed possible, has failed, and we are now living through an anxious, vacillating period of constitutional reform. We are obsessed with a struggle to preserve institutions of purely imaginary importance and we keep blocking the economic and financial reforms that are really necessary. We are burdened down with a medley of officials representing the nation, the various states, and the various municipalities. We are told to console ourselves with the thought of the savings involved in discontinuing local constitutions and local parliaments, as if that were enough, but we have not yet created a national and economic unit similar to that of France. We do not even possess a capital. Berlin, to be sure, is the seat of the Reich officials. But the Reich and the states alike do everything to check the development of Berlin, to prevent it from functioning as a capital. The recent financial calamity in Berlin is largely due to the fact that a large proportion of the taxes collected there is spent in the provinces. England and France are proud of their capitals and look upon them as sources and expressions of their strength. In Germany, on the other hand, each province regards Berlin as the unwelcome competitor of its own capital and not as the symbol and representative of the whole nation's strength, not as the personification of Germany for all the world to see.

We are not facing collapse. We have weathered more severe storms

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and on the credit side of the balance sheet we can point to a quite unexpected growth of export trade. But what if we do survive the present crisis? I do not care whether we come to a standstill, encounter depression or enjoy prosperity, as long as European economics and politics are so constituted as to prolong the conditions that have brought us to our present plight.

Bureaucracy is in the saddle, which is a good thing since at least it assures the perpetuation of our constitution. But bureaucracy leads nowhere. It is not the brains of the country. No demands can be made on it; it does what it can. Its position is more precarious than before the War because then it was protected whereas now it depends on the changing majority in parliament and above all on the productive will on which majorities are based. What governs Germany, then, if neither the parliament nor the constitution does? Many people believe that economics run the country, but this too is a mistake. Groups of business men possess the same unspiritual, impotent qualities that characterize our parliaments. Business men have, to be sure, organized large groups, each of which represents an entire industry. But since these groups are all-inclusive they embrace conflicting elements, free traders and protectionists, agitators and social reformers, Prussians and Bavarians, and, since nobody wants to hurt anyone else or wishes any member to resign from the group for fear of destroying its unity, the result is a generalized form of boring oratory that evades all the really vital issues. One man alone, Gustav Stolper, an independent journalist, has had the courage and spirit to outline a positive, thoroughly articulated financial programme. What happened? Nobody seized upon it as a desirable basis for consideration. The question of its usefulness did not arise and no passionate discussions were held. People said it was all well and good and must be carried out some day but that the time was not yet ripe. This is complacency in the presence of decay. It is postponing a necessary present task into the future.

THE overthrow of spiritual influences began when the War broke out. The forms created by the state and by public opinion while hostilities were under way linked politics and business together, and these forms were primitive and unspiritual. It was impossible for them to be anything else, and France and England followed the same course. Everything distinctive or individual disappeared or had to be suppressed. Military orders alone prevailed. Everything intellectual was completely falsified and shopworn phrases appealing only to the masses and to whole armies of soldiers crowded out any original ideas born of a single mind.

In every country these catchwords were presently followed by open

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lies and when the War ended the victorious powers indulged in downright robbery, seized goods belonging to the vanquished, and produced a period of inflation and national bankruptcy. All ideas of truth, freedom, and property seemed to have vanished. The intellectuals and artists had been unable to prevent the catastrophe from breaking forth, indeed most of them had encouraged it. Millions of men were swept out of their obscure, meaningless lives, and then, when the agony of war was over, the survivors were again called upon to resume the old, dismal monotony of everyday life, but experience had impoverished them because they had lost all belief in objective values. The monarchy which had crowned our whole system vanished and we were called upon to create a democracy, which was no easy task after losing a war and suffering a complete economic collapse. Furthermore, this task was rendered doubly difficult for a nation that had been brought up on a tradition of national authority and on the examples of Luther, Frederick the Great, Kant, Fichte, Hegel, and Bismarck.

During all this period of collapse, which is outlined here only in its most general terms, the intellectuals took no part in any discussions. And in this condition lies the root of our bitter deception. This is the real explanation of why nothing functions properly any more, neither business nor politics, public nor private life. Because the heirs and guardians of our intellectual, scientific, and artistic traditions played us false or stood impotently aside, because sheer power and meaningless phrases proved themselves stronger, the spirit ceased to fulfill any productive function. Then came the final phase. In place of authority, coöperation; in place of absolutism, coalition; in place of a single man, a parliament composed of many individuals, many parties, but no determined majority, a parliament committed to compromise and makeshifts. Our party programmes are now designed to attract the greatest number of followers and are therefore empty, mediocre, false, and purposeless. Similarly, candidates for these parties are not chosen with any regard for their personal merits but merely as exponents of certain groups of interests. Our election laws compel us to vote for lists instead of men, and if a few newcomers succeed in raising themselves above the ordinary level they are promptly put in their places by the older leaders. Practical parliamentary work will not begin until this leveling process has been completed and until the necessary coalitions have been formed. But no spiritual element has survived and our parliament is now helplessly deliberating without paying the least attention to public interest. The result of all this is that organization has replaced any spiritual enthusiasm, especially among the trade unions. The number of voters, the amount of contributions, the resistance to foreign influences, and worries concerning expenditures occupy all our attention. Our industry suffers from a lack of markets, from

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unduly high running expenses, and from insufficient capital. The simplest arithmetic proves that we should confine our exchange of goods to the actual stock of material we have on hand, and thus reduce expenses. But in reality we take precisely the opposite course. Expenses have become our point of departure. Production is pushed too far and our extra output, which should go to our creditors, is lost. The next stage of collapse will occur when there is nothing left for the creditor, in other words, when the debtor has to live off his borrowings, not knowing what to do when he can borrow no more. The result is that already many enterprises are living off their liabilities because their assets in the form of land and machinery have been eaten up and can not be mortgaged any further.

MANY factors are devitalizing business—improved technique, the popular press, movies, radios, standardized styles, and standardized opinions. Bureaucracy, too, is producing ill effects by encouraging public ownership and mergers so that the director is replacing the independent merchant, and the official is replacing the employee. The best man finds it harder to rise to the top, success is a matter of accident, any personal achievement becomes the property of the organization, and business is reduced to mere administration, which is the worst thing that can happen. Fewer long-range enterprises are being undertaken; we lack constructive will power, capital, and courage, and if anyone dares to make such an attempt he is at once suspected of being a speculator.

Quantity has vanquished quality. The average man reigns supreme and has taken as his motto: 'He who takes no chance cannot lose.' The skeptical point of view makes itself felt most effectively in the big banks, where born leaders must waste their best energies on administrative detail.

Therefore only our poets can save economics. They must study the subject not in detail but in its conceptions. They must grasp its vast sweep intuitively, prophetically. We have cultures, but no culture, truths but no truth, spirits but no spirit. The man with inspiration no longer exists. He is shattered and broken. He fulfills no function. He busies himself entirely with details and the longer the present period of restoration lasts the more limited the revival of the spirit will be and the less effective a part will it play.

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Unemployment has become the outstanding world problem. Here are the authentic adventures of a good-natured German who tried to find work in a land where two million people are now living in a condition of involuntary idleness.

OUT of WORK

By A JOBLESS GERMAN

Translated from the *Berliner Tageblatt*
Berlin Liberal Daily

TWO YEARS AGO I had a good position as bookkeeper in a large iron foundry and long before I was dismissed whispered rumors went buzzing through the great dim building. We were told that the plant was to be rationalized and that the accounting division in particular had to be reorganized. The spirit of retrenchment was in the air. Then one fine day we bookkeepers laid aside our thick accounting books and brand-new American machines of shining nickel were installed. These machines performed, on thin cardboard and long strips of paper like tapeworms, the work which we had written out by hand with pen and ink. From the management of the foundry each of us received a letter of dismissal, a courteous, appreciative document.

When I arrived home that evening I put the letter on the table between the coffee cups without saying a word. Scarcely a minute passed before my wife began to cry, and our child, quickly imitating her, also wept. For a long time I could not calm my little family, for I myself was anxious and disturbed. But finally I murmured to myself, 'See here, you are a man, aren't you?' Then I brought my fist down on the table among the coffee cups, proclaiming, 'Good heavens, let's take this quietly! After all, I am a man with a man's strength.' I drew myself up: 'We are not going to starve. You'll see what I can do. After all, I *am* a man. . . .' My wife and child listened to me and soon they were smiling again. As I stretched myself and threw out my chest,

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my wife remarked, 'We'll see what Father can do; he'll come out all right!'

The next day I entered the holy war with a heart full of faith. I brought myself to the attention of friends and acquaintances and drew up a list of my relatives. I purchased two pounds of writing paper and sent out a number of applications. My friends and relatives offered me good wishes and many firm hand clasps, accompanied by promises to bear me in mind if anything should turn up.

THE artillery fire of my written applications failed. I wrote answers to advertisements of this character: 'Thirty marks daily and as easy as child's play to make more! Sure-fire proposition! Dazzling possibilities! We are looking for a good talker with neat appearance! Opportunity to sell a noncompetitive bulk product in suburban districts.' Everyone seemed to be selling something. I wrote until my fingers were numb. But all these people wanted money in sums ranging from 200 to 5,000 marks, before they would permit me to approach the abundantly flowing fountains of their tremendous potential earnings. Their undertakings invariably required financial aid as a guarantee at least. The petty and more merciful employers required only 50 pfennigs or one mark, for which sum they sent prospectuses. These leaflets showed me just what I must do to be comfortably off within three months at the most. Along with these beneficial documents many of these dealers sent a small sample of the fool-proof product they had to sell—after a mark had been paid, of course. The sample would consist of a patent ring to prevent milk from boiling over or a marvelously practical knife for paring potatoes or a tiny bottle of amazingly effective furniture polish, or merely a little piece of perfumed soap.

What a path of roses the way to wealth appeared! According to the valuable advice of these infallible prospectuses and other printed instructions, I should only have to lay in an abundant stock of all these products. The prospects were bewildering. I tried several schemes, but the interest shown by the people of to-day in patent rings to prevent milk from boiling over, in modern paring knives for potatoes, or in Witch furniture polish proved lamentably slight. Once I experimented with a patent economy metal plate for cook stoves, guaranteed to save 45 per cent in coal. The first door at which I stopped was opened by a gentleman who must have tumbled out of the wrong side of bed. 'This is unheard of,' he snorted, puffing with indignation, 'unheard of—to have tramps coming around at this early hour of the morning. It's unheard of—understand? It's a nuisance—understand? Clear out and go to the devil with your guaranteed 45 per cent economy plate—understand?' The door shut with a bang.

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One evening my wife stood in the kitchen holding a large, worn pocketbook and looking at it as a mother regards an ailing child. She stretched the leather flaps apart and gave way to despair. Tears poured down her cheeks. But when she caught sight of my dour expression she said, smiling, 'Father will show us what he can do. He'll come out all right!' Whereupon I cried out, 'I possess two legs, two arms, two large hands, two eyes which do not need glasses, and an uninjured skull. With all this equipment can I not succeed in scraping together food for three people?'

I pounded my chest, and after a salvo of terrible oaths went tearing through the dark streets like a race horse, unable to bear the sight of my smiling wife any longer. The next day I renewed my acquaintance with our former serving maid. The girl had married a district mine inspector who was employed in a near-by mine. I clung to her desperately, she clung desperately to her mine inspector, and he in turn clung to the manager. After a great many introductions and anxieties I passed the examination of the company doctor, and was engaged as a hauler and allowed to pass through the entrance to the mine.

THE day before I went on my first shift, I bought a tin coffee container, and the evening before my second day's work I bought myself another one, three times as large as the first, for God knows I had learned in one day what it means to sweat underground. I pushed wagons loaded with coal on a diminutive railway, hauled wood, and blocked avalanches. I was ashamed when my sides quivered, but I slaved away. At first the other men derided me, but I learned by degrees, became nimble, filthy, and weary. Gradually I won respect and finally was accepted. When for the first time a miner invited me to have *Schnaps* with him after work, I knew that I had become a comrade. During the next five months I drew wages every ten days for my grinding work in the terminal gallery of the mine where I dug out coal, prepared charges of dynamite, put the drill in place, repaired walls, and built supports. Then we began to have idle days. The mountains of coal towered higher and higher outside the mine. There was talk of a market crisis, of cutting down, of rationalizing, of an inspection of the employees. The upshot of all this was the dismissal of the unskilled workers. It was in this category that I belonged.

'There is nothing to cry about yet,' I said. 'I will soon find something.' But at night when I closed my eyes I had visions of my wife standing in the middle of the kitchen with the large, worn pocketbook in her hand. I saw how she pulled the leather flaps apart and how they separated like an accordion. Often I staggered to the window and flung aside the curtains, but outside there was nothing but wind and

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darkness and stars, and neither bread nor money falls to earth from the heavens. I then returned to my pillow, only to dream again of that large, worn-out pocketbook. Once more I had to stay at home, where I occupied myself counting potatoes in the cellar, seventy-eight of them in all. I also wrote applications and studied the help-wanted advertisements in the newspapers. But I did not again trust my luck to patent rings to prevent milk from boiling over.

One day we had great good fortune. A private credit establishment opened up for business and wanted an 'educated gentleman of cultivated appearance, faultless manners, and first-class wardrobe, to act as reception clerk.' I put on my cutaway, although the seat of the trousers was sadly worn. However, no one could see their condition because the coat tails hung down far enough to cover everything. I got the job. From nine o'clock till twelve in the morning and from three to six in the afternoon I had to smile and bow discreetly before persons who brought in articles of gold, diamonds, and Persian carpets on which they wished to receive credit. Others appeared with ulsters, petticoats, well-preserved shoes, and bed covers which they desired to pawn, but in dealing with such folk I did not need to smile discreetly or to bow. Those who came with objects of gold, diamonds, or Persian carpets I led to the right into a splendid room furnished with two club chairs. The people with shoes, overcoats, or bed covers were firmly ejected through a door to the left.

After a few months the private credit establishment was unfortunately closed by the police; why I do not know, for my various duties prevented me from penetrating the secrets of the management. I therefore went home and returned my cutaway to the clothes press. 'Now there is nothing to worry about,' said I. 'We need not work any more!' I took my fiddle out of the trunk and applied resin to the bow.

'What are you going to do with your violin?' inquired my wife.

'Oh, to-morrow or the day after I am going to set forth to be a court musician. You know that besides playing the violin I have a very pleasing tenor voice. I shall fiddle to accompany myself as I sing that lovely song, "There once was a faithful hussar," or, "I have no father, my mother loves me not, yet can I not die, for I am so young"!' My wife took the violin away and hid it. 'Anything but that!' she said.

FOR several weeks after that we lived as free an existence as the birds of the air and would have been quite happy if we had been able to catch flies or devour worms. Then gray misery descended upon us. The assessor became interested in our home and taxed all our possessions to the limit of our resources. The vegetable man ceased to ring his bell as he drove past our proscribed four-room dwelling. The milkman

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put his metal pail down in front of our door every morning with a sharp, malicious thud, after he had rattled the knocker angrily as much as to say, 'Come out, you rascal, come out and pay your bill!'

For a time I tried selling subscriptions for a family newspaper which offered life insurance and fashion supplements. But I did not succeed in collecting enough subscriptions to pay for having the worn-out soles of my shoes repaired. One evening as I was returning from a trip to some neighboring mining towns I sat down exhausted on the edge of a ditch along the highroad and began a monologue, addressing myself as follows:—

'You have two legs, two arms, two very long arms in fact, two large hands, two clear eyes without glasses, a sound, healthy skull, and yet you cannot manage to scrape together food for three people. You are not succeeding in your efforts. The field is barren. You are working powerfully but you miss your aim every time. You are accomplishing nothing. You might just as well grub up the soil with your ten fingers, or tear up the pavement of the streets with your teeth and your feet and hands, hoping by magic to cause it to bring forth bread and fruit and life itself. You feeble, impoverished rat! You are getting nowhere. The sparrows have their refuse, the bees have their pollen, and the earthworms have their crumbs of black mould, while you sit in their midst vainly wracking your brains. Man is great. He is able to send his spirit on journeys far beyond the stars, where the day of his life is merged with the night of God. He can dispatch his spirit to Hell, fight with the Devil and overcome him. Man is mighty. He can do everything. Yet he cannot compress his stomach and command it not to growl. This most insignificant miracle is denied him. Let him lie flat upon the road, wringing his hands and peering with his eyes until they start from their sockets; if he is condemned to poverty, there is no God and no power of any kind to send him twenty pfennigs for a bit of bread or a piece of sausage. You are a helpless rat. Go home where your wife stands gazing into the great, worn pocketbook, go home. You are achieving nothing!' This was the burden of my monologue.

Next morning I went to the labor bureau. 'No, nothing has turned up yet,' the official informed me.

'Then give me an unemployment card!'

When I went home I laid the gray card upon the table and said, 'Now we shall have a fixed income to count on every week. I have accomplished something at last. . . !'

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In making the immeasurable wealth of Africa available to the outer world, the airplane is proving invaluable. Walter Mittelholzer describes piloting a trimotor plane over some of the most inaccessible districts of the earth.

Flying over AFRICA

By WALTER MITTELHOLZER

Translated from the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*
Zürich Independent Daily

FLYERS, HUNTERS, AND MOUNTAIN CLIMBERS must be early risers, and at six-thirty we are climbing into the automobile of the German consul at Catania. When we arrive at the flying field, bugles are blowing and soldiers are reeling out into the dewy morning to push our plane out of its hangar. At seven o'clock we are leaving Sicily behind us and are thundering southward at full speed. Like a ball of fire, the sun rises from the sea and its golden rays glimmer against the surface of the water. How happy the people who live here must be, compared with the inhabitants of gray northern countries where cold fog retards the break of day. We climb higher, for the steaming summit of Mount Etna to the south shows that there is a strong north wind blowing that will speed our crossing of the Mediterranean. I set our course directly for the island of Malta.

We keep flying upward through the clouds. Six thousand feet below us we see the white-capped surface of the dark blue sea. In the cabin breakfast lies neglected but I enter and open the thermos bottles, for I am both pilot and steward, and I serve the passengers with hot coffee, bread, Bel Paese cheese, and delicious oranges from the garden of our most considerate consul. How different were my first trips across the Mediterranean in a single-motored plane and what memories I retain of my flight three years ago from Athens to Alexandria. To-day, how-

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ever, we have no reason to be alarmed, for our three motors are working with clock-like precision. In spite of our heavy load I could keep our plane aloft with only two motors and from our present height of 7,500 feet I could reach Malta with only a single motor running. A marvelous restful feeling of security grips us. Were it not for the noise of the motors, which we dull by putting wads of paraffin in our ears, we might imagine that we were eating breakfast at home.

Before we have finished our morning meal Malta appears in view. We head directly for the harbor of Valetta and fly over a green, hilly country covered with a veritable cobweb of white garden walls. In eight different harbors I count thirty British warships. This is indeed a natural fortification, this second Gibraltar, guarding proud Albion's highroad to India.

BUT soon the island vanishes behind us in a bank of clouds and as far as the eye can see there is nothing but a blue expanse of water and clouds. Far to the east blacker clouds are gathering as we pursue our course southward. In his straight-backed seat our pilot, Künzle, keeps a true course by the compass and in an hour he calls me forward to announce land ahead. According to the chart this is impossible, for we are at least a hundred and fifteen miles from the coast, but after another half hour we are no longer able to doubt his word. Far to the south, glimmering like crystal in the sunlight, lies the intermittently sandy and stony coast of Libya. It has taken us but two hours to get here and what a contrast it presents to the green, fruitful fields of Malta! Dead wastes of yellowish-brown desert lie below us with not a single tree, bush, or dwelling place as far as the eye can see. All life has perished here. We steer to the east, always keeping in sight of the coastline. At 10.45 we fly over Cape Misrata and at noon the Italian airport of Sirte lies below us with its hundred houses. It is all desert country and flying fields of any size can be built at virtually no cost. It is therefore not surprising that the Italians have constructed airports every two hundred miles, as the best means of protecting their line of communication from Tripoli to Bengazi and on to the Egyptian border. But woe unto the poor unfortunates who are forced to alight between these stations! The dead, sun-dried desert knows no mercy.

At three in the afternoon we are circling over Bengazi, a fairly good-sized town on a spit of land with a natural harbor and unusually big military barracks. We bring our Fokker plane to earth on the big military flying field south of the town after a journey of eight and a quarter hours.

At seven-thirty the next morning, when we are prepared to start from the flying field at Bengazi, we are greeted by a veritable cloud-

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burst, but we are able to take off and by heading inland escape the downpour. At ten o'clock we are flying southward over the peninsula of Râs el Milh, which separates Italian Libya from Egypt. The Gulf of Solum lies below us, a wonderful expanse of blue. Up to now our journey has been excellent. We have traveled 340 miles at an average speed of 110 miles an hour and we have still 420 miles to go before reaching Cairo.

After lunch my passengers doze off one after the other and Réne Gouzy, the zealous journalist who accompanied me on my first flight to Africa, lets his sharply pointed pencil drop from his hand. No one can complain of his neighbor's snoring, the three motors make too much noise for that. From the southern extremity of the Arabs Gulf we steer direct for Cairo and, after flying more than sixty miles over a sandy desert, we see the green landscape that borders the River Nile opening up beneath us like the setting for some tale in the *Arabian Nights*. This country, whose culture runs back thousands of years, unrolls itself beneath us kaleidoscopically with its picturesque native villages and rich fields of cotton, clover, and sugar cane. Far in the distance between two dark storm clouds we see the three pyramids of Gîza, the biggest of all Egyptian monuments, with the sun shining upon them.

At two o'clock my second pilot is circling over Cairo, while I turn the crank of our motion-picture camera. We go thundering at full speed above the great capital of Islam with its hundreds of slender minarets and all its mosques. Outside the city I bring our plane to earth at the big flying field the English have constructed near Heliopolis. It has been a seven-hour journey.

ON NEW YEAR'S DAY we lay out a programme of flight that should bring us to Nairobi in Central Africa, one and a half degrees south of the equator, at precisely noon on January 4th. This is the first attempt ever made to negotiate in a passenger plane this journey of 2,700 miles, which ordinarily requires at least twenty days of wearing travel by ship, railway, and automobile. My companions from Zürich all desert me, so that the only remaining passengers are Baron Rothschild and Captain Wood. There is therefore plenty of space in the roomy cabin and we can make our way into the pilot's compartment or change places without discomfort. In our baggage compartment we store a load weighing 880 pounds and including 265 pounds of spare parts, among them an extra propeller and 175 pounds of photographic materials, as well as our personal luggage and guns and ammunition. We also carry six and a half gallons of drinking water and enough emergency rations to last us a week.

At eight o'clock in the morning we depart from the English military

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flying field at Abukir, some fifteen miles from Alexandria. A red sun is rising from the bay, where I landed three years ago in my Dornier flying boat at the conclusion of my flight from Athens. That memory often returns to my mind, for great risks were involved in flying a single-motored machine over the Mediterranean and over such a long strip of desert country. How different it is to-day. Three years of technical progress in the development of flying machines and their motors have intervened. It is the most natural thing in the world for us to take only four days to get from the Alps to the land of the Pharaohs and we talk confidently of our future plans and of the stations at which we shall stop. South of us a few cloudbursts are retreating toward the Egyptian coast and a superb rainbow spans the wide horizon.

After flying twenty-five miles we witness an extraordinary spectacle. The valley of the Nile is entirely concealed beneath a cloud of mist. It seems that the flow of the river was greater last fall than usual, and that it left the land so moist that during the cold winter weather a thick fog has been gathering every night. In another half hour, however, I see before me the points of the pyramids rising out of the fog fifty miles away. With the help of a strong, favorable wind we are traveling at the rate of 125 miles an hour so that by five minutes past nine we are passing over the mighty pyramids of Gîza, relics of a culture many thousands of years old. Cairo's sea of houses still lies surrounded by the same mist and only the minarets of the great mosques emerge like needles from the sea of white fog below. Presently we are flying over Saqqara, the modern name for Memphis, whose ruined statues and columns are scattered about in fallen grandeur amid a forest of date palms. On the edge of the desert more pyramids appear and then sand and still more sand until the surface of the Sahara meets the light blue rim of the heavens.

Suddenly a sharp smell of burning oil penetrates the cabin at a moment when I am taking photographs. Our pilot, Künzle, is surrounded by a white cloud of smoke and he opens the window to let in fresh air. By checking over the oil gauge, the speedometer, and the two magnetos we discover that the motor is functioning perfectly and that no essential part is defective. We therefore decide that there must be a leak in the oil supply and that the escaping oil is falling on the hot sides of the cylinder and burning. The indicator on the middle oil tank begins to sink rapidly. What are we to do? Make a forced landing as quickly as possible? That is the course that most prudent pilots would take, but since we are occupying a trimotored plane we can continue our journey on two motors only.

AT ABÛ HAMÂDI we cross the Nile rather than follow the wide curve it makes from there to Luxor. As we are flying at a height of 600

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feet over the stony valley where ancient kings lie buried the oil indicator points to zero. I shut off the middle motor. We now leave Luxor on our left and see the ruins of Karnak and Thebes. Half an hour later we are still at the same height in spite of our heavy burden and I recognize through the clear air the huge dam of Aswân 40 miles away, and I steer for it. On the wide stretch of level sand southeast of the Cataract Hotel, which stands between sheer mountains of black granite, we discern a number of automobiles and at five minutes past one, after a flight of more than five hours, we land softly and are surrounded by fellow countrymen.

Our defective oil mechanism is soon repaired by the highly competent mechanics of the hotel and during a starless night the same crew of experts prepares our plane to start early in the morning of January 2nd across the sandy desert. Sunrise is wonderful, a symphony of colors, from the most brilliant red to an indefinable shade of blue, and we feel more than rewarded for having risen so early. At half past eight our great bird starts winging its way over the whirling sands of the upper Egyptian desert, flying over the huge Aswân Dam and past the temples of Philæ. We steer by compass for Wâdy Halfa, and, on reaching it at ten minutes past nine, part company with the Nile at its second cataract and head directly for Abu Hamed. Soon we can see nothing in any direction except the horizon of the desert; for mile after mile we fly over an unbroken stretch of yellow sand from which black granite mountains rise to a height of several thousand feet. By eleven o'clock we have put the 200-mile stretch of desert flying behind us and we again see the Nile shimmering ahead of us, a small blue strip of water flowing past El Ginepha. The landscape beneath us begins to change. The desert is dotted with more and more dark points and a light green covering of grass extends over its surface. We begin to descry a few sparsely populated districts but continue to leave the Nile some twenty miles to our east in order to steer a direct course to Khartum. At two o'clock in the afternoon we are flying over the spot where the waters of the Blue Nile and the White Nile join, and we come to earth at the flying field of the Royal Air Force after a flight of six hours and forty minutes. After the climate of Egypt the warmth of the Sudan at once makes itself felt. The afternoon sun burns us with its heat as we replenish our plane with 300 gallons of gasoline.

ON THE third of January we fly the 810 miles from Khartum to Mongalla in seven hours and a quarter, a journey that takes from ten to fourteen days upon the Nile steamers. None of us will ever forget this flight or the remarkable opportunities it gives us to study the animal life of the Sudan at close range and without danger. We depart at quarter

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past seven from Khartum, heading due south over a brownish-yellow plain which is dotted here and there with cotton plantations. After two hours we again see the blue ribbon of the Nile and at 9.25 we fly over Renk, having come already 270 miles at an average speed of 125 miles an hour. A strong north wind helps us on our way.

But suddenly the landscape changes and the desert, dotted here and there with negro settlements, is no more to be seen. The land becomes marshy and the banks of the Nile as well as its little islands are covered with a rich growth of green including shrubbery, trees, plants, and lofty papyrus reeds. Swift birds fly away in terror as we approach. Within a twinkling of an eye we have passed beyond the stony, sandy desert of northern Africa and come upon a district more full of birds than any other place in the world, for millions of them pass the winter here. At eleven o'clock we are circling over Malakal and continue southward, crossing the meandering Sobat River. Here and there we see forest fires whose smoke darkens the sun for a few seconds as we pass over them. An hour later Baron Rothschild asks me to turn fifty miles westward from our course to a place where he used to shoot elephants. I gladly comply, hoping to be able to see a number of these great creatures.

What we see surpasses all our expectations. As we approach the dense jungle that grows along the edge of the Nile we discern from our height of 600 feet dark, oval objects moving beneath us, dotted here and there with little white points. We descend to a height of sixty feet and go roaring over a herd of about eighteen elephants. Thousands of antelopes and gazelles gallop away in confusion, terrified by the noise of our motors, while the leader of the elephant pack trots leisurely along with upstretched trunk. As far as we can observe the noise of our motors drowns out the trumpeted warnings of the terrified elephants. A veritable ocean of grass and thicket lies below us and we barely miss the tops of the low trees. Circling about, we make a second attempt to observe the elephants, whose black backs and huge ears can barely be descried above the high grass through which they are moving. White herons help us to locate them, for these birds accompany the elephants everywhere, picking insects from their hides.

We again cross the Nile, which is about a hundred yards wide at this point. When I flew over here three years ago I had to maintain an altitude of 2,500 feet in order to keep my water-cooled motor from getting overheated. What a pleasing contrast our air-cooled engines provide! In spite of a temperature of 95 degrees Fahrenheit they are running quite smoothly. A forced landing would be fatal here, but we feel secure with our three motors. Should we have to come to earth, however, we should sink into the slimy swamp below and no trace would be left of our proud flight. From the banks of the Nile and the edges of its little tributary streams, crocodiles keep flopping into the water, and on the surface

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of the river itself we see the plump black backs of hippopotamuses that disappear the moment we approach, blowing bubbles of air from beneath the surface. I sit at the controls, manipulating an automatic moving-picture camera. Ahead of us we presently sight half a dozen herds of elephants with twelve to twenty beasts in each herd. We steer our machine in the direction of these black monsters and go roaring over the backs of hundreds of them at a height of some sixty feet while my camera runs at double speed. Although the whole manœuvre lasts only a few seconds I shall never forget the sight of the elephants' white tusks flashing in the bright noonday sun. Two more times we repeat the same manœuvre and then continue southward. At 2.30 I make a landing at a rather small flying field where we are cordially welcomed by the English district commissioner.

The temperature is 95 in the shade and to the five of us who have just come from Egypt the sudden warmth proves quite oppressive. Our tropical helmets take up their indispensable task. Luckily native soldiers are able to do most of the heavy work on our plane, and I do not lend a hand myself but avoid the sun as much as possible because three years ago I suffered a slight sunstroke after I had devoted a whole day to active photographic work. Very few people have ever plunged themselves into the hottest of all tropical countries as quickly as we have done to-day.

MONGALLA boasts no hotels and we must fall back on the hospitality of the few English officials stationed here. We spend the night in the rest house, where folding cots are laid out for us on the balcony, which is the coolest spot to be found. Next morning we are off again at half past seven and our heavily laden machine runs perfectly. The temperature has dropped to 77 degrees and promises to be more moderate than it was the day before. We steer a direct southeasterly course straight for Nairobi. To make this journey overland by motor car takes at least four days and it is a ride of 940 miles. Going in a straight line by aëroplane, however, cuts the distance to 560 miles and we succeed in making the trip in six hours. Soon after leaving Mongalla the first mountains begin to appear, and the Nile, which we have followed for 3,125 miles, now disappears for good. After three-quarters of an hour we fly over the proud, smoothly rounded granite peak of Longano. Ahead of us and to the left dark mountain peaks rise to a height of 9,000 feet, and we must climb higher and higher until we have attained an altitude of nearly 13,000 feet. We are again flying over an extensive stretch of green, swampy country, similar to that of the upper Sudan. At half past twelve the landscape beneath us loses its pure, virginal appearance and we come upon the modern city of Nairobi with its big, new hotels and ugly

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tin barracks. The white inhabitants have built for themselves splendid dwellings on the outskirts of the town and in almost every case their houses are surrounded by gardens with flowers of every color growing in them. At exactly the hour we had planned we come to earth on the great Athi plain, where many zebras, gazelles, and antelopes are grazing. At once we are surrounded by friends who have long been preparing for our arrival, and the Nairobi postmaster is particularly in evidence to receive in person the first regular mail to be delivered by air to the city.

Here are some new Whistler stories. An Austrian artist describes what happened when he tried to get his American colleague to exhibit in Vienna.

Memories of WHISTLER

By JOSEF ENGELHART

Translated from the *Neue Freie Presse*
Vienna Liberal Daily

WHEN I WAS IN PARIS in 1897 trying to secure distinguished members for the Secession group of artists just founded in Vienna I visited Boldini, an exceptionally gifted painter of highly refined and extravagantly elegant portraits. The man himself, however, presented a living contrast to his work. He looked like an agile, bald-headed little faun with that unkempt beard of his, and like most artists he showed the utmost willingness to join our association. As our interview did not take us long I soon had an opportunity to look about me and at once caught sight of the portrait of an old gentleman. Although I had never actually seen James McNeill Whistler I realized instantly from Liebermann's descriptions that this was he and I asked Boldini about him, for I was eager to persuade him to join our movement.

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'Wait here a little longer,' said Boldini. 'He is due at any moment. I am to finish his portrait to-day.' Then he added with a shrug of his shoulders, 'He is a very difficult person to deal with; you must be prepared for an odd situation.'

This whetted my curiosity, for Boldini was sufficiently peculiar himself, yet he characterized another man as grotesque and half mad. Moreover, like all those who knew Whistler well Boldini seemed to consider him a comic figure. We continued to discuss general matters but I was absent-minded and tense awaiting Whistler's arrival. Suddenly the bell rang and the man whom we were expecting entered the studio.

He was a doll-like, dainty little fellow who moved in a nervous, jerky fashion. He wore a gray morning coat with gray trousers and held a gray bowler hat in his right hand. In his other hand he carried gracefully a small cane that looked as thin as a needle. His gray hair was carefully arranged in curls and the ends of his moustache were neatly pointed. I was almost amazed not to see the peacock feather that Liebermann had jestingly described him as wearing in his hair. His delicate legs were sheathed in black silk socks, and low-cut evening pumps outlined precisely the shape of his feet. His cheeks and eyebrows were painted and as he approached us, his monocle firmly clasped in his eye, I experienced a brief and quite uncanny sensation, for he looked almost sinister.

DURING our introductions and mutual greetings, he surveyed us a trifle patronizingly. Being eager to arouse his interest in our association, I handed him our manifesto and endeavored to execute my rôle of traveling salesman as creditably as possible. Whistler listened courteously and asked me to name some of the other participants. I mentioned several names including Thaulow, Puvis de Chavannes, Besnard, Meunier, Simon, Roll, and others. Suddenly he interrupted me to ask, 'Is Degas on your list? You must have Degas, he is indispensable. And, of course, as far as painting is concerned there are no others worth considering but Degas and myself.' (*'Quant à la peinture il n'y a que Degas et moi.'*)

At this point my eyes wandered in some alarm to Boldini, who seemed to be laughing merrily in his corner. I replied as discreetly as possible that there really were a few others, the men I had just named, for instance, who were esteemed and recognized. But the master did not pursue the subject further and we talked a little longer about more or less inconsequential matters. Finally, when I remarked that I did not wish to keep Boldini from his work any longer, Whistler promised to read over our manifesto and to inform me of his decision.

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At first the thought of this encounter made me want to laugh but my laughter was not very profound. The somewhat absurd appearance of so great an artist affected me almost tragically, yet at the same time his boasting had infuriated me. My own artistic soul was grievously oppressed by his self-righteous attitude. On returning to Vienna I waited in vain for tidings, and when I set forth again some six months later to secure the works of various artists for our first exhibition, I endeavored to get his permission to let us use some of his paintings. My route took me as far as England, where I came in contact with Swan, Walter Crane, Brangwyn, and Lavery, who all proved exceptionally amiable and who subsequently exhibited a good deal of their work in the Secessionist exhibition.

One evening in a club to which I had been taken by the painter, Sauter, I turned the conversation to Whistler, who happened to be in Paris again at that particular moment. 'He's a difficult case,' was the laughing comment Lavery made. I recounted as best I could my experience in Boldini's studio. No one showed the least amazement at the story, for everyone present was familiar with Whistler's inaccessibility and boundless arrogance. 'There is just one way to win the attention of that eccentric, childishly vain man,' remarked Lavery, who wanted to help me since he understood what it would mean to obtain some of Whistler's works for the exhibition. He then went on to tell me that after almost every portrait Whistler had painted he had engaged in a lawsuit with the person who had ordered the picture, invariably losing his case. After one of these lost suits, which happened to be with Ruskin, Whistler wrote an embittered book intended to present a sort of vindication of his case. He called it *The Gentle Art of Making Enemies*, a highly significant title, and anyone who praised this work and acknowledged the justice of the ideas it contained could count upon Whistler's favor. Lavery advised me to keep my real opinion of Whistler to myself and simply to pose as an enthusiastic admirer of the book. I accepted this advice most gratefully, and, since I had little time and less desire to read Whistler's book, Lavery had to give me its substance briefly.

THE next day I crossed from England to France. In addition to my great interest in Whistler as an artist and as a man the very difficulty of my mission attracted me, so that the first thing I did in Paris was to go to his studio at 110 rue du Bac. I rang the bell with high expectations and he opened the door himself. Apparently I had disturbed him, for he was still holding his palette in his hand. 'I suppose you are an art dealer?' he scolded in his thin, sharp little voice, and attempted to shut the door in my face. 'No, no,' I cried quickly, 'don't you recognize me? I had the pleasure of meeting you in Boldini's studio.'

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'Oh, yes,' he said hesitatingly, examining me through the narrow opening of the door, 'do you want to get some pictures from me?'

'Not at all,' I lied, 'I have just come from England, where I read your famous book, *The Gentle Art of Making Enemies*, and my first mission here was to come to you and express the enthusiasm that the book aroused in me.'

These words seemed to have a persuasive effect, for a quiver of joy spread over his wrinkled, painted little face. He opened the door wide and ushered me with friendly gestures into the sanctuary where only a few mortals have been privileged to tread. I looked about me eagerly. Whistler had just been working on a study of a human figure. The model, veiled in green draperies, was sitting on the dais. A brilliant portrait of Mr. Vanderbilt in his riding habit stood on an easel. I should have liked to plunge myself into an inspection of the various masterpieces about me, but I felt Whistler's eyes regarding me with distress and impatience. Turning my attention away from the pictures I quickly began discussing his book again and expressing my immeasurable admiration for it, although I should have much preferred imparting to the great artist my honest, genuine enthusiasm for the extraordinary creations which he had produced as a painter. He listened with visible pleasure to my feigned praises of a book with which I was not at all familiar, and enlarged upon its theme zealously and with warmth. For a time everything seemed to be going well, but presently I realized that my assumed knowledge was running low and that if we kept on this subject much longer he would inevitably discover the trick that I was perpetrating. I felt as if I were sitting on pins and needles.

Slowly, however, and with infinite precaution I succeeded in turning the conversation in another direction. Our remarks began to include painting, so, as if by mere chance, I laid the announcements and statutes of the Secession in front of him and observed casually how much we should enjoy exhibiting something by the author of that remarkable book. He placed his signature upon our membership list in the best of humor and promised me a number of pictures for the exhibition, including the 'Princess in Porcelain' and the 'Symphony in Gray and Rose.' He also wrote several letters of recommendation to the owners of the pictures, most of which were in America and Australia. I accepted everything he offered and took my leave with an air of outward cordiality, although I was inwardly triumphant. I thought gratefully of the clever Lavery and congratulated myself upon my diplomatic skill.

While I was slipping into my overcoat Whistler's malicious little eyes blinked at me reflectively. I had already grasped the door latch when he asked, 'Tell me, who exactly are the other members of your association? Have you got Degas?' I did not have Degas and had not even approached him, so I evaded the question and named over a few

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of our most distinguished members, among them Dagnan-Bouveret, Sargent, Brangwyn, Walter Crane, Besnard, Bartholomé. 'What!' cried Whistler in a provoked tone, 'and you propose to exhibit my work among this collection of bricklayers?'

Rage suddenly possessed me. I pulled the list that he had signed and the letters that he had written out of my pocket, fairly threw them at him, shouting, 'As men of honor neither my colleagues nor myself can put up with such treatment, not even from you. I respect you as a great artist and I have gone to great trouble to secure your work, but under the circumstances we shall dispense with you and your pictures.' With this expression of opinion I promptly vanished from the scene.

'*Tout perdu sauf l'honneur*,' I reflected, but the consciousness that I had not yet achieved my aim heightened my wrath. I rushed to my hotel and, still panting with disappointed fury, I wrote Whistler an impassioned letter in which I expressed my candid sentiments and repeated for his benefit my decision to strike his name from the membership list of our association. I sent this *billet-doux*, which left nothing to be desired in the way of clarity, to his studio by messenger and considered the incident closed.

THAT same evening I came home late. The porter handed me a letter and announced that a gentleman had been waiting for me for a long time in the conciergerie. I looked in and to my astonishment saw Whistler sitting in a corner huddled up in a great fur coat. He approached me hastily, murmuring something about an incomprehensible misunderstanding, and saying that he had written to me. He then grasped my hand, which held his still unopened letter, and invited me to visit him the next day at his home, where he would explain everything. By this time my anger had almost evaporated and my courage likewise had cooled down considerably. Although I did not anticipate achieving anything I promised to come, for this remarkable old man suddenly filled me with pity.

Next morning I visited him in his little one-story garden house. He received me in a distinctive and tastefully furnished drawing-room where grayish-yellow colors predominated. Sketches and paintings all done by him hung upon the gray walls in wide frames of dull gold. High glass doors led into the tiny garden over a small stone terrace and the tender gray light of a winter morning streamed through the tall arched windows. The leafless plane trees outside moved their boughs tremblingly as if suffering from cold and they seemed to enhance the melancholy, misty atmosphere of the room. Whistler stood before me, unreal as any ghost. He wore his monocle tightly clasped in his eye and the scarlet

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patches of his painted cheeks provided the only spots of color in the room. As usual he was dressed in clothes of gray, which blended so harmoniously with his setting that I felt as if I were looking at one of those gray symphonies that he himself had so often painted.

Another room, decorated entirely in blue, was filled with a great amount of Chinese porcelain, which Whistler collected with passionate devotion. While I gazed at my surroundings Whistler told me of his predilection for Chinese and Japanese art, in which the subject is nothing and the harmony of colors everything, a point of view that he and Degas shared. Themes left Whistler cold, what really interested him in nature and art was color. In colors he sought and found the symphonies in which he reveled. With complete amiability he bestowed upon me the honors of his home. At first I assumed a rather formal attitude, permitting him almost to force upon me the papers which I had returned to him so vehemently the preceding day. I was compelled to refuse with thanks his friendly invitation to stay for a meal, but we parted good friends. Thus ended my curious encounter with one of the most interesting and remarkable artists of our time, for I never saw Whistler again.

In spite of our agreement nothing by Whistler was ever exhibited in Vienna except one portrait head, which we acquired through the mediation of Degas, and twenty-four etchings. The explanation was that in spite of, or perhaps on account of, the letters of recommendation that Whistler had written we received either no answers whatever or decisive refusals from the possessors of the twenty pictures which he had placed at our disposal. No one cared to loan his picture at the artist's request, all felt nothing but bitter hostility toward the man who had done them.

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MR. HEARST TELLS THE WORLD

By 'MacFlecknoe'

From the *Nation and Athenæum*, London Liberal Weekly

'Mr. Prime Minister, the American people has lost faith in your friendship, lost faith in your sincerity, and lost faith in your honesty.'—*Open letter to Mr. MacDonald in the Hearst press.*

Does it worry you, Mr. MacDonald? Do you lie awake at night
Mourning your departed greatness, pondering your piteous plight
Since the laurels you had gathered were so ruthlessly dispersed
By that syndicated pundit, Mr. William Randolph Hearst?

Or do you perchance remember that the Great Big Navy gang
Found the Shearer propaganda something of a boomerang;
And that Mr. William Shearer had the backing from the first
Of that sane, far-sighted statesman, Mr. William Randolph Hearst?

Mere abuse, when *too* vindictive, has a knack of falling flat;
All the mud sticks to the thrower, not the man he's aiming at—
And our transatlantic cousins must by now be fairly versed
In the science of discounting Mr. William Randolph Hearst.

Here a sudden doubt assails me: Can it possibly be true
You are 'sly and smooth and tricky,' even as he painted you?
Have our secret-service moneys been most artfully disbursed
To incite to these hysterics Mr. William Randolph Hearst?

This, at any rate, is certain: for the web of lies he spun
He deserves your thanks, MacDonald; what the man could do, he's done.
There was danger while he praised you; you are safe now you are cursed
By the man who backs the losers—Mr. William Randolph Hearst.

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AS OTHERS SEE US

Hugh Walpole on America

BACK FROM HIS ANNUAL lecture tour of the United States, Hugh Walpole has delivered himself of a striking judgment of modern America, which he discovers to be in the throes of a revolution. Here is what he has to say:—

What nobody in England seems at all to realize is that the right hand of the United States has no longer the slightest notion of what the left hand is doing. The right hand (which is the hand of the old, properly descended, colonial-ancestored, cultured, and civilized American) is to-day completely bewildered by the left hand (which is the logical grandchild of the wild two-generation-ago immigrant—immigrant from Italy, Poland, Hungary, Russia). Not only bewildered, but helpless. Every system arranged by the right hand for the decent governance of the country has broken down under the wild new independence of the left. Not only does the left hand scream with derision at Washington when it considers Washington at all, but it raises its fingers to its nose at any kind of law, order, or discipline, and is producing quite happily a kind of mediæval bear garden that is alive, picturesque, romantic, and the most libertine state of society that the world has seen since the Middle Ages.

The vigor of the left hand is everywhere. The clothes, pastimes, dwelling places, sports, newspapers of the left hand are overwhelmingly in evidence. The quarrel over Prohibition has simply emphasized this. In Fifty-Third Street in New York there are fifty speakeasies. Well, and why not? The left hand knows what it wants and will see that it gets it. And it is from the left hand that the future America is coming. It is just now crude, ill-disciplined, half-educated, scornful, selfish, and rebellious. It will not always be so. It has more vigor than any other body of people in the world, save possibly Young Russia. It is eager, excited, violent. It is reading books of every kind. The drug stores in America are filled with dollar books that are *bought*, not borrowed from circulating libraries. It goes to plays like *Berkeley Square* and *Street Scene* with eager enthusiasm. It despises the present system of American government and is shortly going to make one of its own. It cares less than nothing for the future or prosperity of Europe save in so far as they concern the New America.

And the right hand? There are no kinder, warmer-hearted people anywhere—but it is not with them that the future of America lies. They are bewildered and baffled as we ourselves would be in like case. It is of no use for any of us here to make our appeal to them. It is not in their hands that future decisions will lie.

The Challenge of the Negro

THE MULTITUDE of nationalities that has been poured into the United States always impresses European visitors. André Siegfried, for instance, felt that the conflict between blacks and whites was perhaps the outstanding American problem, and now another really well-posted traveler, Arthur Holitscher, German journalist de luxe, gives equally portentous views:—

The negro is and remains a foreign body among the American people. He may develop to any point socially and economically under the protection of democracy, but this democracy never allows him to stand on a footing of equality with the whites. Between the highest negro and the lowest white an unbridgeable gulf is fixed. . . . Let negroes develop themselves as much as they please; let them be as good as they can; let them acquire all the wealth, culture, and education possible, so say the whites. We shall place no obstacles

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in their way; indeed, such progress gives us nothing but pleasure if they can only lift themselves out of their barbarous state into that condition of freedom that our glorious country champions. But that is all. They shall demand nothing more of us than what we freely give them. Socially we shall never recognize them, no matter how much white blood flows in their veins.

It cannot be said that an atmosphere of open or latent civil war prevails, but there is a condition of hostility between the whites and blacks in America that will inevitably lead to catastrophe. Here and there flames of hatred occasionally leap into the sky, indicating how impossible the present conditions are.

Why Call Americans Americans?

THE ARROGANCE of the citizens of the United States in taking to themselves the title of Americans has stimulated Maurice Larrouy, special correspondent of *Le Temps*, to express indignation:—

The fact that the Yankees apply only to themselves the adjective, 'American,' offers concrete proof of that insensate vanity of theirs which is making them lose all contact with present-day humanity and its immense problems. Since the Argentine and Canada, Chile and Mexico, and many other republics as active as the United States also exist on the same continent, by what right do the United States apply to themselves alone a glorious qualifying adjective that should belong to all? They rail at old Europe, at its frontiers and tariffs, at its dissensions that have arisen from bygone wars and invasions, but they would rail even more bitterly if the Frenchman or the German, the Italian or the Englishman pretended to be the only European. The truth is that the United States have attacked the problem backward and have by no means solved it. If they would take the trouble to study the frontiers on their own double continent, they would perhaps discover more of them than history has created in Europe. Yet they want to make us believe that they alone possess the secret of unification and pacification, and they have begun by uniting against them all the other Americans, who have been made angry at being confused with the *nouveau-riche* country that has asserted itself to be the only true America.

The United States also pretend to be the only enlightened teacher of industrial science, banking, and business. Their citizens want to teach the universe that everyone should imitate them under the pretext that only they are privy to divine secrets. But their only secret is the country where luck has placed the hodgepodge of races of which they are composed. Because they have only to bend over in order to find all the raw materials essential for modern civilization, wheat and steel, cotton and oil, wood and water power, they want to make us believe that we do not know how to live, although our labor and intelligence have gained us, at the price of infinite effort, the same things that they get for nothing.

The New American Advertisement

WRITING FROM NEW YORK, Rudolf Jungblut describes in the *Vossische Zeitung* the recent decline in the quality of American advertising:—

American advertising art has for some time past been plunging out on a new line. Spirit, humor, wit, and all those other elements that gave merchandising propaganda in Yankeeland its impetus have been disappearing and giving way to a kind of bullfight technique as brutal as that of any Chicago racketeer. No longer does one praise the success of one's wares. One simply stands with a cocked revolver pointing at one's victim and shouts, 'Buy or I shoot.' There is a great difference between an advertisement that reads, 'Poland Water aids the digestion,' and one that says, 'If you don't drink Poland Water you will die young.' The former is good advice, the latter a brutal threat. This new advertising psychology based on anxiety and terror, whose tasteless appeal is fortified by realistic illustrations, has already spread far and wide in America. Look at any American

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newspaper and you will see all the misery in the world spread out in its advertising columns. Here are a few mild examples.

In the window of a clinic a doctor is standing with a nice-looking nurse at his side. Beneath them a crowd is swarming. The doctor stretches out his arm in a gesture of resignation: 'Four out of five have pyorrhœa. Use XYZ toothpaste and save your gums.' The reader does not know what pyorrhœa is, but he is already suffering. Filled with distress he turns the page and sees a picture of a stenographer lying in a state of collapse over her machine. What dreadful catastrophe has happened to her? A nervous collapse. Buy a noiseless typewriter. At the next station on this *via dolorosa* a young man appears with a dark shadow behind him. A bloated wastrel? We have no idea until we begin reading the text. 'Beware of that future shadow,' it reads, 'you men who want to stay smart and healthy, you women who want to keep your modern figures. Reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet.' When everyone else is dealing in threats, the cigarette industry can not deal in love. But Allah preserve us! What have we here? It is a photograph depicting a lanky individual who has spit on the sidewalk and is being arrested by a policeman. Contemptuous passers-by surround the pair. A woman looks at the churl as if she were about to slap him. Apparently anyone who spits runs the danger of being lynched. 'Spitting is dangerous. Smoke Cremo cigars, for the wrapper of the Cremo is not sealed with spit'—and a local health authority has testified to this effect.

Thus a new destiny is overtaking the New World. The humor of bygone days has disappeared and we are now being relentlessly pursued by the furies of crazed advertising psychology. Anyone who runs through the pages of an American newspaper soon finds his whole body throbbing with pain. A feeling of uneasiness drives him to the mirror. He plucks at his hair, for falling hair is a sign of approaching age. Perhaps he should also get a new kind of razor, for a badly shaved face can never be successful, but to wear a certain brand of collar absolutely guarantees business success. Six months hence, no doubt, we shall find publishers saying that anyone who has not read the latest scandalous book about Hollywood is crassly ignorant. Moving-picture theatres will threaten us with social ruin if we do not attend them and the pajama factories will be prophesying the bankruptcy of marriage unless we buy their wares.

America in the South Seas

THE PARIS *MATIN*, like most Paris newspapers, is on the alert for encroachments upon French colonial interests. It has recently examined the accounts of certain travelers returned from the Pacific, as well as some admittedly hasty reports which seem to furnish evidence that 'our fine colonies of Tahiti and the other Society Islands, of which we are so justly proud, are rapidly becoming Americanized.' The rumor runs on that 'the United States, which is much nearer these islands than France, has already made progress in the conquest of native hearts as a preliminary step to the conquest of the territories themselves.' The disillusioned travelers are then quoted as saying:—

> See what has happened to the charming city of Papeete! Nine times out of ten commercial signs and advertisements are printed in English, and transactions are carried on in dollars. You see nothing but American-made automobiles; even the governor's car is American. At the cinema you never see any French films. There are scientific expeditions from California, missions composed of Mormon pastors, and caravans of tourists who come to spend a month on the island but who stay six months after they have cabled their various banks. This influx into the little capital city means the existence of a foreign element whose tips are distributed on too liberal a scale to be quite natural. The money of these foreigners is suspect. Besides, it is a fact that even in the municipal council you find honorable half-breeds whose mothers had swarthy skin and

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were called Tivirani, Moo, or Mareva, but whose fathers were born in Chicago or Los Angeles. Whether you relish the fact or not, San Francisco is the dazzling beacon light for the entire eastern Pacific. Paris is much too far away; it seems almost a legendary place.

The *Matin* is inclined to take a sane view of these alarmist reports, and explains the situation as follows:—

American tourists have always been attracted by the French islands of the Pacific. Twenty years ago, for instance, when a monthly boat was the only link between California and Tahiti, many citizens of the United States did not hesitate in the least to undertake the sea voyage of thirteen days each way in order to spend less than a week in Papeete. This vogue has subsequently been stimulated by a new factor—those who are not satisfied with pure water, even if it is iced, have ceased to go to the Hawaiian Islands, which are American possessions, for their vacations. They prefer Tahiti, with its charm and beauty almost equaling that of Hawaii, even though it is twice as far away. Are we to regard that preference as a crime? As a matter of fact, a great many of these searchers for islands have bought villas and bungalows on French soil, and no longer live as transients at hotels.

It would admittedly be an indiscretion on the part of these visitors or residents if they were to turn traitors to our hospitality and engage in criminal propaganda. Does any sort of positive, conclusive, trustworthy evidence exist on this vital point? We persist in doubting the existence of such evidence. For it is clearly one thing to abandon one's self to a thousand diversions, to decorate one's forehead with a wreath of flowers and, with the exception of liquor, to use nothing but American products. (Incidentally, because of the prohibitive freight charges for goods from other countries, American products are the only ones on the market in Tahiti.) It is, however, quite another thing to agitate against France. There are several of us,—and we shall undoubtedly be treated as dreamers,—who do not believe that any such agitation exists.

Undemocratic America

Sir John Foster Fraser, British globe-trotter and publicist, has told the American Chamber of Commerce in London that what he likes about the United States is its lack of democracy. England he describes as a more democratic country, but then it has other advantages that America does not share:—

I like the system of government in the United States, chiefly because it is nondemocratic. I like the way in which a president is elected and stays, whatever the people may think about him, or however often the two houses of Congress may change. In this more democratic country the prime minister does not know whether he will be prime minister this day next week. In America, the cabinet ministers have not to appear before Congress and defend themselves. Here Mr. J. H. Thomas has to appear before the House of Commons to answer certain questions as to why there is not more employment in this country, and they are going to propose the reduction of his salary. If he does not answer correctly and satisfyingly, his salary will be reduced; indeed, he will be dismissed altogether, and in fact the whole of the Government will go out. That is much more democratic than anything in the United States.

On the other hand, in Britain, when men have served their country well, they are not got rid of. A president of the United States, when he has finished his term of office, retires into a small town and becomes a humble lawyer again. In Great Britain, when a prime minister is removed from office, he can still remain a member of the House of Commons, and his experience is utilized in the welfare of his country.

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WAR AND PEACE

If anyone to-day were to maintain the thesis all but universal fifteen years ago, namely, that the system of armaments was due solely to Germany; that once we had got rid of the menace of 'Prussian militarism' the road would be clear for general disarmament (thus our slogan that this was 'a war to end war'), he would be set down as unbalanced or a monomaniac.—*Norman Angell, Labor M.P., author of 'The Great Illusion.'*

In practice, no nation believes in this rubbish of mutual assistance, of security and sanctions; it is quite impossible for any country to place its faith in the prospect of disinterested help to be accorded by other countries, or rather by a consortium of countries; and it is quite impossible for any country to surrender the smallest portion of its armed citizens to the discretion of an international body which will employ them in quarrels not their own.—*Sisley Huddleston, Paris correspondent of the 'New Statesman.'*

We do not want a single foot of territory, but simply to improve the economic situation and living standard of our people; in short, to restore the ravages of the World War. Far from seeking war, we are doing our utmost to develop economic relations with our Eastern neighbors. You are aware of our present economic difficulties, yet despite them we have extended state-assisted credit to Russia amounting to several million dollars. Would we do that if we were planning a war against the Soviet?—*August Zaleski, Polish Foreign Minister.*

There was no death penalty in the German army. Not a single German soldier was shot for cowardice or desertion. No one has ever suggested that they fought the worse for the absence of that deterrent. A modern army of civilized men is either self-disciplined or not disciplined at all. If its commanders come to believe that they can only prevent desertion by threatening their soldiers with death they should change their profession.—'*Manchester Guardian,*' *Liberal Daily.*

I believe that fundamentally there is only one way of ending war, and it is not an easy way, and it may take some time to arrive at. I believe that the nations of the world have got to realize that they are really one family, and instead of preparing to fight one another they should prepare to help one another. I am convinced that the more we help one another the less likely we are to want to fight one another. That is the straight and narrow way to peace.—*Lady Astor, British M. P.*

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